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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE conference on the limitation of armaments continues to remind us of the little girl who undertook to make a dress for her doll, and had it unexpectedly turn out to be a pair of trousers. The newspapers now refer to the affair with cynical brevity as the "arms parley"; and from present indications nearly anything and everything may turn up to take precedence over the purpose nominated in the bond, i.e., the limitation of armaments. The Pacific question—in plain language, the division of economic spoils in China—will come first in importance, though nothing will be known about its settlement. Then it was announced last week that our decrepit old friends, the inter-Allied war-debts, would hobble up and stand at attention while their prospects are discussed. A few days later came the news that the international problem of oil would also be docketed for consideration. If such matters as these are brought up and kept on the agenda until they are settled, the prospects are good for the hotel and restaurant business in Washington, and the small army of newspaper-correspondents now gathered in the capital will have the comfortable assurance of a good long assignment.

MENTION of these correspondents makes us wonder what can be written about the conference that will be worth reading. If one thing is above all certain, it is that not a single iota of the real business of the conference will get before the public. The real business of the Madrid conference in 1880, and of the Algeiras conference in 1906, was not what appeared on paper. Far from it. The real business was set forth in the secret agreements, diplomatic understandings and combinations of foreign policy, that did not see the light until many years later; too late, in fact, to do any good. Our impression is that the same will be true of the conference at Washington. We are very little interested in the official news of the conference and shall probably find almost nothing in it upon which to comment. If we could secure in any honourable way a report of the secret diplomatic trades and deals that will be undertaken, however, we would be willing to walk to Washington upon the mediæval pilgrim's shoe-pebbles in order to get it; for, mark our words, the real business and the whole business of the Washington conference will be comprised in these backstairs whisperings and not in anything that will find its way to the public, through the newspapers or otherwise.

It is a pleasure to find ourselves, in this view of the conference, in full agreement with Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Invited to attend the conference as a professional journalist, Mr. Shaw declined, intimating that he would be in quite as good a position to write about it if he remained in London as if he went to Washington. The reason he assigns is precisely ours. Concerning the famous Congress of Vienna, Mr. Shaw says, "No doubt Talleyrand, Castlereagh, Metternich and the rest, did the business they went there to do. But on what back stairs, in what and whose private rooms, and between what group or individuals it was done, nobody knows." Mr. Shaw is well aware that this is just what will take place at Washington, and therefore that a writer who stays at home and "deduces the operations of the conference from his knowledge of history and human nature," will be much nearer the mark of fact than one who tries to make up his story out of what he learns on the ground. Mr. Shaw concludes with the humorous, but wholly sound intimation that the only chance the American public has of getting at any of the real business of the conference, would be by trusting to the *in vino veritas*, in a series of Gargantuan banquets to the delegates.

PERTINAX, the political writer of the *Echo de Paris*, seems to be aware of our country's insatiable and indiscriminate appetite for parades and pageantry. No people on earth can get up a parade on shorter notice, or do it better, or enjoy it more, or be more happily indifferent to its purpose. Pertinax has his suspicions of the net results accruing to Franco-American friendship from Marshal Foch's great swing around the circle. He hopes that the Marshal's visit will "awaken America from the torpor which a high government-official deplored to me to-day," and that it will mark a resumption of the traditional friendship for France. "Americans are welcoming Foch superlatively," he says, and adds despondingly, "but so they did Carpentier." We fear that there may be some ground for this discount on the implications of our hospitality. Mr. Dooley said long ago that the enthusiasms of the American people reminded him of a bonfire on an ice-floe. "It looks good, and burns bright as long as ye feed it, but it don't take much hold, somehow, on th' ice."

THAT is where our French friends get done in, as Mr. Dooley said on another occasion, be th' hated British. When a Government starts out to gain the friendship of a foreign people, it does so invariably for revenue only; that is to say, for some advantage which it, as a Government, hopes to gain thereby. If the French Government wishes the French people and the American people to become good friends, all in the world it need do is let them alone. That, however, is not at all what it wishes; it wishes to make the American people friendly to the French Government and sanction its views and support its practices. This, obviously, can be done only by some kind of hocus-pocus. The French Government's method is that of going straight to the people with a sort of continuous performance given by soldiers, prize-fighters, politicians and the like; the British Government's way is largely to avoid this, doing just enough of it to make a good appearance, and to bear down with all its weight on influential centres of opinion, such as newspapers, churches, governmental bureaux, schools and banks, and let these go to the people. For practical purposes in the United States, at least, this is by far the

better method. The unobtrusive entertainers, whisperers and mondaines now planted in the city of Washington will, we dare say, get more solid work done every fifteen minutes until the conference closes, than Marshal Foch has accomplished in his whole tour.

THE Senate has appointed a special committee of five to investigate certain charges made by Senator Watson concerning alleged cruel and indecent conduct on the part of some of the officers of the American Expeditionary Force. We do not know whether or not there is any truth in the Senator's charges; but we see no reason to expect that this proposed investigation will produce any more useful result than is ever produced by expensive and futile inquiries into the conduct of any war. Such inquiries always strike us as more than a trifle hypocritical. If one accept the fact of war, one should not be overcurious about the minor inhumanities that are inevitably engendered by large-scale preparation for what General O'Ryan aptly characterized the other day as "legalized murder." It is impossible, as far as we know, to commit murder in a civilized way. When men prepare for war they must necessarily be shorn of any particular respect for the sacredness of human life—at least, where the enemy is concerned. If officers fail now and then to make due distinctions between their own men and those of the enemy, it is unfortunate, but what else can reasonably be expected. Why not frankly accept the brutalities and deviltries incidental to the conduct of war, as a part of the game, and as such to be tolerated as long as mankind shall tolerate war itself?

WHILE speaking of war, we are reminded of a Washington dispatch that we chanced upon lately, which told of the Administration's alarm at the recent doings of the pacifists. The pernicious activity of these groups, says the ingenuous correspondent, was what caused Secretary Hughes to make his careful explanation that the conference should not be regarded as a "disarmament conference," but as a "conference for the limitation of armaments." However, it appears that these wretched pacifists have refused to appreciate this nice distinction, and it is said that our troubled officials are now preparing to be still more explicit. "The fear rests with the officials," says the dispatch, "that unless they [the pacifists] are called off, their propaganda may win for them a still greater following. Sentiment might grow to such an extent that a policy of complete disarmament might actually be developed." Well, if the pacifists can get up enough popular excitement to accomplish such an end, our hats are off to them. We do not think they can do it; but none would applaud more loudly than this paper the exhilarating spectacle of an Administration hoist with its own petard.

MAYOR Hylan of New York is just now seeking another term of office and his thrifty campaign-managers are making the most of the distinguished visitors to our shores. Marshal Foch's parade the other day, as we hear—we did not turn out, owing to the unavoidable pressure of other duties—went up Fifth Avenue in the wake of a limousine covered with white drapery and placards advertising the Mayor's claims upon the suffrage of an enlightened electorate, and the other evening the Mayor's Committee on Hospitality gave a dinner to about a thousand representative Italian residents, in honour of General Diaz, where the Mayor himself came in for about as much prominence in one way and another, as the illustrious guest. There may be some question of taste involved in what is technically known, we believe, as "crabbing another man's show"; yet apart from this, we find ourselves rather on the side of the Mayor. Mayor Hylan seems to us to have about as much significance for the best reason and spirit of man as either of these eminent specialists in murder, arson and rapine, and hence is about as much worth making a fuss over. If he had crowded in on a parade headed by Chaliapin, for instance, or a dinner for Edmond Clément,

we might feel like expostulating a little, for these gentlemen really represent the best that their several countries can do, and they have therefore a profound significance for the best reason and spirit of the race.

It strikes one now and then that the world could fairly revel in prosperity if one half of its population were not continually overworked in order to keep the other half fighting or preparing to fight. Even leaving out of consideration the number of men kept out of productive work by military service—there are some six millions of them at present—the weapons of war alone represent a most extravagant expenditure of human labour. For instance, Lord Lee, the First Lord of the British Admiralty, remarked, upon his arrival here the other day, that Mr. Lloyd George would not come over on a British cruiser because the oil-fuel required to make such a trip and return would cost about \$136,000. When one thinks of all the battleships now loafing idly around the world, of their initial cost and the cost of manning and fuelling them, and keeping them in repair—to say nothing of the hundreds of dollars blown away in the mere firing of a salute—one can not help thinking that the world might be a much more likely place to live in if all the effort thus wasted were turned to productive purposes. Relieved of the incidence of military expenditures, the peoples of the earth might really have enough leisure to make the progress that they would like to make in cultural achievement.

THIS bids fair to be a bad season for the arts. We heard recently, through an agency which arranges many concert-tours each year, that many of the smaller cities which usually have a series of at least five or six concerts a winter are having none this year; and that in the larger cities, the number of concerts booked is being considerably reduced. We hear also that the art-dealers are having their worst season since the panic of 1907. People are hard up this year, and unfortunately when people are hard up it is their spiritual needs that inevitably suffer because these are not, with the average person, as urgently pressing as the needs of the body. A season like the present shows how direct a relation culture bears to abundance and leisure. The physical needs of man must be satisfied and he must be free from an undue preoccupation with them if the creative spirit in him is to find its expression in cultural activity. It is this necessity that makes one so impatient of the economic handicaps against which that spirit must now struggle. In a free society the burden of man's physical needs would rest so lightly upon him that he would hardly feel them, because he would receive the product of his labour; as it is, that part of it which is not appropriated by monopolists is wrested from him by an omnivorous Government, to be used in such wasteful expenditures as those of which we have just spoken, which have nothing but destruction to contribute to the world's progress.

GOVERNMENT by injunction has its awkward moments. It had an extremely awkward one lately when Federal Judge Anderson tried to upset the check-off agreement which exists between some of the coal-operators and the United Mine Workers of America. Until another Federal court came along and saved the situation by suspending the part of Judge Anderson's injunction relating to the check-off, there was every appearance of a national miners' strike. All this happened within a week after the cancellation of the threatened railway-strike, and there are still rumblings of deep discontent in the camps of both miners and railwaymen. Truly the dove of peace seems to be moulting in an uncommonly sickly fashion this year of our Lord.

THE purpose of Judge Anderson's injunction, as we understand it, was to prevent the United Mine Workers from attempting to organize the miners of the Williamson coal-fields, in West Virginia, where a strike has been in progress for a year; and the attempt to abolish the

check-off—a system under which the operators deduct from each miner's wages his union-dues and turn them over to the United Mine Workers—was made with the purpose of keeping union funds from being sent in to support the strikers in the West Virginia fields. The West Virginia operators, who seem to be unalterably opposed to unionization, declared that this use of funds was part of a conspiracy on the part of the United Mine Workers and operators in other fields, to kill the competition of the West Virginia fields. The miners retort that the West Virginia mines are largely owned by the United States Steel Corporation, and that the Corporation is trying to enforce in those fields the non-union policy which, as the Interchurch Movement has shown, is so injurious to its employees in the steel-mills.

THUS the Mingo struggle begins to assume a threatening national aspect. This paper is with the miners in their attempt to organize the West Virginia workers, because we can not see that while land remains monopolized and the expropriated crowd the labour-market, there is much hope for labour save in organization. The reason for this is clear; while the law casts every possible safeguard about capital-income and none about service-income, the only safeguard for the latter must be devised by the workers themselves. But we can not see how the workers can get very far on the strength of organization, as long as they confine their interest to mere trade-unionist issues. The Mingo coal-miners, for instance, offered to settle with the operators on conditions which one would think should be granted as a matter of common fairness by any employer to any group of workers. Yet the operators were able to refuse those conditions without regarding the effect of their refusal upon public opinion. Public opinion is simply not interested in trade-unionist issues; it is not touched by them, because they are, after all, class-issues. But if the miners had demanded instead, governmental confiscation of monopoly-rights in the coal-fields, the operators would have been put on the defence; and the public would have been put in a way to discover that it had a very real interest in the controversy.

WHEN those West Virginia operators do anything that is reported in the public prints, they always make a bad and repulsive showing. One of their latest moves, for instance, was to petition the Interstate Commerce Commission to restrain Mr. Ford from reducing by twenty per cent the freight-rates on the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railway, their reason being that the reduction would give their competitors using Mr. Ford's line an advantage over operators like themselves who must ship on roads charging the present rate. The advantage which the consumer of coal would get from a low freight-rate apparently does not come in for consideration. Would it not be more reasonable for the Virginia coal-owners to demand of the Interstate Commerce Commission that the roads which serve their properties be required to show cause why they can not meet Mr. Ford's rates? Mr. Ford's road, as far as we know, is not a eleemosynary enterprise. It operates on a paying basis, and can do so even at a rate twenty per cent under what it now charges. Nor has Mr. Ford any apparent advantage over other roads in the purchase of equipment and materials; and his workers are far better paid than theirs. It is for the other railways of the country, therefore, to show why they can not compete with Mr. Ford's. Our notion is that they can not compete because they operate their roads as finance-companies while Mr. Ford operates his as a railway. But whatever the cause, why do the Virginia operators not ask to have it shown? Is it, we wonder, because they have a financial interest in the roads which serve their properties?

It is interesting, in view of the British Treasury's continued defaulting on its indebtedness to the American Government, to note the laudable promptness with which it meets its obligations to private firms. Thus, we ob-

serve that the last \$51 million of the British Government's war-loan of 1916, floated in this country through Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company, was promptly paid up on 1 November. Now that this obligation, which cost the people of the United States so much in lives and money to guarantee, is well out of the way, it might be suggested that the British Government should give correspondingly prompt attention to the interest on the loans which it secured from the American Government, out of the pockets of American taxpayers. The lives which were sacrificed for the Allied cause by the American people can of course never be replaced; but the money could be, perhaps, if the British Government would make up its mind to a considerable shrinkage of its far-flung battle-line, on land and sea. But it is none of our affair, after all, what means the British Government chooses to adopt for meeting these obligations, or even to insist very strenuously that they be met. In fact, we think that the payment of these debts might possibly do us more harm than good. We wish merely to call attention to the striking difference shown between the attitude of a Government towards a debt owed to bankers and its attitude towards a debt owed to taxpayers. Bankers are paid on the nail; taxpayers may whistle and look pleasant.

"AMERICA dominates the world," Georg Brandes is reported as saying in an interview published in the *New York Times* of 6 November, "but I don't think the domination of America will mean that the world is to pass through an essentially materialistic era. Those who expect nothing from America but materialism are, I think, mistaken. What was Florence before it became a great centre of the arts? A city whose citizens had made a great deal of money in business. What was Venice? A great commercial republic. America is at the same stage of development at which Florence and Venice and Athens were before they blossomed forth. I see no reason for supposing that America will not become, as they did, a great centre of art and learning. In fact, I think it extremely probable that she will follow in her development along the same course that Florence and Venice and Athens did. Materialism—bah! All of us are materialists sometimes. One day we are materialists, the next day idealists." Among a number of recent American phenomena that appear to justify this faith, one may mention the project of the art-committee of the Chamber of Commerce of Berkeley, California, to establish a foundation to enable painters, sculptors, composers and writers to develop their talent, unhampered by the necessity of teaching or otherwise diverting their attention from the main objective of their art.

THE plan, we learn from the *Christian Science Monitor*, has already taken substantial form, the first step being the organization of a three-day music festival in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley; the first occasion in the history of music in America, we are told, on which one State has furnished every number for four long musical programmes. The income of the foundation is to be regularly devoted to the purchasing of sculpture, paintings and musical compositions and to the production of unremunerative works in prose and verse. It is not difficult to imagine an idea of this kind spreading through the country. Twenty years ago a Chamber of Commerce with an "art committee" would in itself have been sufficiently anomalous.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WHY NOT TRY FREEDOM?

PRESIDENT HARDING does well to insist that his fellow-citizens do not look for much in the way of tangible results from the forthcoming armament-conference. He is beginning to realize that international relations are based on realities and not upon sentiment; and present realities have to do with the practice of Governments to secure economic advantages for their nationals, and to extend their own power by creating new jobs for job-holders and otherwise swelling the public expenditures.

It must be confessed that the trials and tribulations which we owe to the war have not yet had a noticeably chastening effect in this or any other country. To judge by the remedies proposed for national and international rehabilitation, the world is still determined to travel in the old familiar ruts. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether war as an educational influence is worth the cost. As a matter of fact, it is beginning to be seen that the use of violence is a hardening process, calling for separation and exclusion in a society which owes its life and growth to the spirit of inclusiveness.

It is not necessary to look beneath the surface of things to see that opportunities for the exercise of mind and muscle have been everywhere restricted, and the struggle of life intensified as a result of the war. Indulgence in a vicious national pride, and the intolerable weight of taxation have combined to upset the natural process known as the division of labour. If labour were not highly specialized, it would be impossible to support the large populations of the modern industrial State; nor could the advantages of civilization be enjoyed if people had not learned to trust to the co-operation which results from specialization. But the inevitable effect of war is to shatter the complex network of mutual services, thus rendering the condition of the people, whether victors or vanquished, more precarious than it would have been under a more primitive regime where the small social units are more nearly self-supporting. Human progress lies not in the direction of greater self-sufficiency, but in that of a greater interdependence and a development of co-operation to the point where the community of interest is strong enough to overcome all incentive to conflict.

When Governments resort to arms they have an eye on some form of economic monopoly. Whatever the idealistic motives that may be appealed to at the time, the result is always the same; the power of government is strengthened at the expense of individual initiative. In spite of the abolition of chattel-slavery, the cause of liberty was weakened, not strengthened, by the Civil War. The exercise of arbitrary power by governmental authority prepared the way for a further growth of the military spirit, and entrenched the political organization in its control of economic opportunities. The Negro's rights were a secondary consideration in a struggle that in reality involved command of the economic resources of the country. The Abolitionists who cheerfully supposed that violence had won a mighty victory for freedom were labouring under a sad delusion, as was proved to those who had eyes to see by the subsequent treatment of the Negro; and by the subsequent union of North and South in a war to subjugate other unwilling races, while adding still further to the politico-economic power of government.

In the recent European conflict the suppression of individualism in this country transcended race-lines and the State became all-powerful through its control of economic opportunities. But as Mr. Arthur Balfour has said, "There is a limit to human endurance," and President Harding's forthcoming conference has no way of avoiding the difficult problem of retrenchment. Men do not willingly relinquish their power, and to judge by all the signs, the delegates who are now descending upon Washington from East and West will devote their principal energies to seeking a way to continue the old game of grab without the heavy expense that in these days attaches to the condition of naval and military preparedness.

As long as the policy of the nations calls for exclusive economic advantages, as long as the close partnership between monopoly and government continues, as long as land-monopoly and political privilege check the natural development of the division of labour—in short, as long as things remain as they are, some form of armed struggle will inevitably be resorted to when the friction of opposing groups has developed sufficient heat to bring about an explosion. Statesmen, even the most myopic, are not blind to these realities, however unconsciously they may resort to sentiment in an attempt to disguise them and make them palatable both to themselves and to their deluded followers. If anyone regards a conflict with England as inconceivable, let him recall the war-like emotion that swept this country at the time of the Venezuela dispute. Reference to the newspaper-files of 1895 will show how easy it is to cast any nation in the rôle of villain. In spite of our association with England in the late war, in spite of English-speaking unions and similar bodies, in spite of Mr. Owen Wister and any amount of sentimental good will, everybody knows well enough that it would be the simplest thing in the world to start an epidemic of Anglophobia in every State in the Union in the course of a struggle with England for mastery of the seas.

Indeed an Anglo-American conflict is plainly indicated, unless some way can be found to overcome this insensate desire for mastery both of earth and sea. A union of the two English-speaking nations, exclusive as it is by nature, might be a step in the right direction if its object were the establishment of genuine free trade and equality of opportunity, even though limited to "the chosen people." But there is little visible movement in that direction, and the populations of the world are still likely to remain for many a long day the playthings of secret diplomacy.

In whatever direction we turn for relief from the war's heavy legacy of burdens, we are faced with the necessity of substituting, as a last resort, honesty and fair dealing for brute force; and we may yet find that the only true security for a nation is rooted in justice, and that the exercise of a genuine international reciprocity will remove the constant fear of a collapse of the structure which has been so patiently built out of numberless intricate economic relationships.

Though our dependence upon others, which is our strength in peace, may become a danger in time of war, it may be our nearest approach to safety to take the greatest risks, and to substitute voluntary co-operation for the threat of coercion. Instead of seeking protection by the adoption of discriminating laws, why should we not try the effect of greater freedom; instead of an English-speaking union, let us see what could be done with a universal union; instead of co-operative societies serving only their own members,

the co-operative principle might be allowed to reach its fullest development in the complex association that results from permitting every individual to seek his best interest in his own way.

The politicians of all countries are still too closely intent upon governing by means of arbitrary laws ever to suspect the manifold advantages that are latent in the principle of self-government; but since it is the governed who will profit by the change, it is they who will have to take the initiative in bringing it about.

JOSEPH THE INTERPRETER.

MR. JOSEPH P. TUMULTY was private secretary to President Wilson throughout the latter's term of office, and has now compiled the inevitable volume of reminiscences. Preliminary to its appearance in book form, his tale is being published serially in a number of newspapers. Early instalments incline us to the notion that it is worth reading. Admirers of Mr. Wilson will accept it as a matter of course, because it is written by a fellow-admirer and may be depended upon to put Mr. Wilson before the world in as high a light as possible. Those who do not admire Mr. Wilson—since it is hard to keep one's disapproval of a public servant clear of prejudice—will find that Mr. Tumulty's material often suggests a modification, or at all events a review of one's disapproval; and this is always profitable. It is too early to say whether Mr. Tumulty's undertaking was on the whole worth while or whether he was the person on all accounts best fitted to undertake it. Quite probably his work will in time be superseded; but as it stands, it appears to have some actual value, if only of a consolatory kind, to one distinct class of readers, and a potential value to another—so, since authorship is an extra-hazardous occupation and its rewards and satisfactions are precarious, Mr. Tumulty may well be satisfied.

Apart from any concern with Mr. Wilson, moreover, the work has value. If it keeps on as it has begun, the student of our political institutions will get out of it a great deal that bears consideration. In the first instalment of his story, for example, Mr. Tumulty represents the late Mr. McCombs as a spiteful and disgruntled office-seeker, and he also tells the story of Mr. Garrison's appointment as Secretary of War. Nothing could be more remarkable and striking than the easy naturalness of the assumption pervading all his allusions to Mr. McCombs and Mr. Garrison, that an appointment to a Cabinet office is a "job." It is no discredit to Mr. Tumulty to point this out; the discredit, if any, is to our political system. In a French or German Cabinet, office means duty; and the incumbent is selected with some kind of remote reference, at least, to his ability to do the duty of that office. In an American or English Cabinet, on the other hand, office means reward; rather more distinctly and invariably so, perhaps, in an American than an English Cabinet. Ability and training hardly count, and indeed are rarely thought of.

Mr. Tumulty says that the War portfolio was first offered to Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, who declined it because he was a Quaker, and "the tenets of his religion prevented his acceptance of any position having to do with the conduct of war." Remembering Mr. Palmer's activities as Alien Property Custodian and subsequently as Attorney-General, this statement strikes one as extraordinary, and one wonders whether in making it, Mr. Tumulty's humour is really quite as naïve and unconscious as it appears to be. When Mr. Palmer declined, the President telephoned Mr. Tumulty, asking for suggestions. Mr. Tumulty said

that he would like to see a man from New Jersey in the place, and would shortly recommend some one. Then he went home, and "in looking over the Lawyer's Diary, I ran across the name of Lindley M. Garrison. . . . He was invited to Trenton the next day, and without having the slightest knowledge of the purpose of the summons, he arrived, and was offered the post of Secretary of War in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, which he accepted."

We have heard of novelists who get names for their characters out of the telephone-directory, by way of saving trouble, and it seems as good a plan as any. We never before happened to hear of anyone picking a Cabinet officer by Mr. Tumulty's simple device of leafing over a list of lawyers, but we are bound to say that under the prevailing theory of Cabinet office, that too seems as good a way as any. What interests us, however, is Mr. Tumulty's childlike admission that such is the theory. Some one is to be appointed Secretary of War, and his qualification must be that he comes from New Jersey. That being the case, obviously, almost anyone would do. Mr. Tumulty is to nominate the candidate, Mr. Tumulty is a lawyer; naturally, then, he thinks first of the men in his own profession, and turns to the Lawyer's Diary as an *aide-mémoire*. Well, we say again, under the prevailing notion of Cabinet office as a matter of sheer reward or sheer gift, and with no complicating notion of duty attaching to the office, why not? We think that Mr. Tumulty has done the country a considerable service in giving this indirect but very strong intimation that our ideas of Cabinet office need overhauling and revision.

By a few such strokes as this, applied we think for the most part unintentionally, Mr. Tumulty sketches a picture of American public life and public men that is extremely unattractive. He does what he can to destroy the myth of Mr. Roosevelt's greatness, making him out a man of little principle and less regard for truth; and he adduces documents which seem sufficiently to support that view in the premises. He does not get on quite so well in his disparagement of Mr. McCombs, but does his best. This part of Mr. Tumulty's work is open to question. Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. McCombs are dead, their place in history, if they have any, is as yet undeterminable, and Mr. Tumulty has brought forth nothing that will much help to determine it. What aspect of these lives will be preserved for the scrutiny of the impartial historian, we can not say; but almost certainly it will not be the aspect which reveals their part in filthy little jealousies, backbitings, bickerings and self-seekings. The same thing we may add, is true of Mr. Wilson himself. Indeed, one of the most interesting and significant features of Mr. Tumulty's work is its candid showing-up of the amount of time, energy, attention and public money that under our present political system is wasted upon such detestable ends; and this can not be exhibited too often or too explicitly for the public good.

DIAGNOSIS BEFORE TREATMENT.

A FRIENDLY but superficial critic has lately taken this paper to task for what he conceives to be an undue bias in favour of the single tax. He asks us, rather petulantly, if we imagine that "all forms of evil, from meales to income-tax, are due to unjust economic rent?" This, perhaps, is in itself a criticism hardly worth the trouble of a serious reply—indeed it is hard to believe that it was seriously intended—but the im-

plied charge that the *Freeman* is a propagandist organ, committed to the touting of an economic panacea, seems to us to merit attention. We hardly think that our regular readers are in need of having their minds disabused on this score; nevertheless we trust they will pardon us a brief restatement of our position, since it is a case in which frequent repetition can do no harm.

The editors of this paper have been at considerable pains to make it clear that their primary interest is not so much in what people think as in *that* they think. For ourselves our concern is that in dealing with economic and political questions we shall get beneath appearances and as near as possible to the fundamental aspects of those questions. There is a reason for every problem that exists; and if the problem is to be solved, it is of prime necessity that it be known for what it is rather than for what it appears to be. Proper diagnosis is necessary to the intelligent treatment of diseases in the individual; physicians may differ in their methods of cure, but the disease remains the same. So it is with diseases in the body politic. This paper, then, is hopeful that people will give thought to the nature of our economic ailments; and in an effort to stimulate such thought we have devoted a good deal of space to our own diagnosis of those ailments. We are quite ready to have our readers disagree with us; indeed, we expect that many of them will do so. It is no part of our policy to serve as a textbook of any particular school of economics. We simply like to talk things over with our readers; to tell them what we think and why we think it, and to learn through their letters to us what they think, about the way the world is moving.

The attitude of this paper towards economic questions and their relation to politics, has been made clear in many previous issues, but it may be briefly restated thus: Man, being a land-animal, must have access to the source of his subsistence in order to produce "from the land, through his labour, those things which are necessary to his existence. When certain individuals, under the protection of a Government organized for that purpose, can monopolize land and thereby fix the terms upon which man shall have access thereto, then the people thus excluded are in a condition of economic slavery; and until monopoly, with the political institutions of its making, is done away with, the evils of this slavery will afflict the race: easy living and "conspicuous waste" of wealth for the few, poverty and conspicuous deprivation for the many. The problem, then, as we see it, is how to free the source of man's subsistence from monopoly, and restore to him his natural right of access thereto.

We say, this is the problem as we see it; but we are aware that all our readers do not see it as we do. Some of our readers, for instance, are socialists whose entire theory of the problem and its origin differs considerably from ours. The socialist holds capitalism to be at the root of our economic disorder. We can not agree with him, because as we see it, capital is merely that part of wealth which is used in the production of more wealth; and it is only when associated with privilege that it shares the advantages of monopoly. Yet we think it is not so important that the socialist shall be converted to our point of view as that liberal, socialist and radical should all continue to think closely about economic questions, with as much openness and flexibility of mind as possible.

As for the single tax, we think that it would prove an effective means of freeing land from monopoly, but there may be other methods equally well adapted to this purpose. At present we know of none such, but if there be any we are quite ready to accept them. However, it does not make any great difference whether we accept them or not. The only way in which questions affecting society are ever permanently settled is through the collective wisdom of humanity. When enough people shall finally become aware that there is something fundamentally wrong about the present economic order and know what that something is, they will find a way to alter it; and their way may not be any way that has yet been dreamed of, yet it will be the right and effective way, we may be sure. The chief interest of this paper is not at all in getting any particular mode of change adopted, but simply in doing what it can to hasten the day when an enlightened change shall come.

FREUDVOLL UND LEIDVOLL.

IN the few American periodicals that have any pretensions to intellectual standing we are ever seeking for some clever and plausible rationalization of the conservative position. Not infrequently these dignified monthlies and quarterlies will print a petulant attack on liberalism or radicalism—shrewish comment by some adversary of reform and revolution, or a deep roaring of a superannuated literary lion that in the end breaks down into mere caterwauling; but we have yet to read an essay or editorial that even so much as attempts a thoroughgoing philosophic justification of the reaction that commenced at Versailles in the spring of 1919.

Considering that theirs is the kingdom and the power and the glory, it is astonishing that our American conservatives have not yet begun to consolidate their position by establishing a first-rate, forthright, consistent tory organ. Such a journal might very well rally a score of intelligent reactionaries, who could not only employ with great effect the weapons of satire against liberals and radicals, but could also "intellectualize" and articulate the articles of faith of the honest standpatter. As things are to-day, literary persons of conservative temper who want to have their fling at the left wing have no option but to relieve their minds in quasi-liberal and quasi-tory magazines whose pages are a crazy-quilt of polite literary obviousness and clashing political policies.

When Dr. Stewart Paton of Princeton University wrote his paper of "The Psychology of the Radical" for the current number of the *Yale Review* he must have felt painfully cramped by the exigencies of living in a self-styled democracy where no tory may write without making a slight genuflexion to the prejudices of a "liberal" editor—or, perhaps, his conflict was only an inner one. Very probably Dr. Paton would resent being called a tory. It may very well be that he is a staunch son of the American Revolution, and a direct descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Strangely enough, however, the name tory has an unpleasant connotation for persons of this sort. But be that as it may, Dr. Paton is temperamentally as much opposed to radicalism and the revolutionary impulse as was the most tory governor of our late colonial period, and although his thesis that the radical temper is always associated with a marked personal inadequacy does not in our view quite fit a founding father like Thomas Jefferson, still it may contain an element of truth that latter-day American tories may be glad to

seize upon when they rally to an intellectual defence of the restored dynasty of the Grand Old Party.

While it may be true that the radical personality is a cripple or asymmetrical one and that it dodges immediate and personal responsibility and elects an ideal that borrows heavily on the future, nevertheless Dr. Paton's citation of a married couple who became sympathetic towards "Bolshevism" because they were childless, as an example of radicalism with a basis in personal frustration, is (to put it mildly) rather naïve, and his sensational conclusion that radicalism is a virulent poison working solely and ultimately to the destruction of the body politic is simply impossible if one recalls a little history or a few biographies. The tissue of society has its katabolism as well as its anabolism, and the race has not failed to honour those men and women who, when they found that the society of their times did not match with human nature, trimmed and cut and slashed the social fabric to suit their needs. Like the madman, says Dr. Paton in effect, the radical cries, "It is not I who am wrong. It is the world." Yet unlike the madman, the radical or revolutionary finally gains a hearing from his fellows, then a following and, finally, the allegiance of the nation and of the race.

It is this phenomenon that Dr. Paton fails to account for, the steady growth of radicalism here and abroad since the close of the war. He sees it as an epidemic of "unsound thinking"—and in this connexion, it is interesting to note that the columns of the *Freeman* are mentioned as a modest source of infection. This "unsound thinking" according to Dr. Paton can be checked only by "mental hygiene," but alas! the worthy doctor is very vague in his therapeutics. We have the merest smattering of the language of behaviouristic psychology which Dr. Paton quotes so ably to his purpose, but, may we suggest an amateur etiology of this plague that infects the world? Is it possible that industrial society has developed in such a fashion that anything like normal human behaviour can be experienced only by a few adult males of the privileged classes; that most other mortals must either accept a persistent violation of all the fundamental human instincts that must of necessity bear fruit in nervous disorders or irrational living, or else reject such violations in a radical effort to reshape society to fit human nature? Most radicals may be pathological types, as Dr. Paton says they are, but radicalism, we should say, is a reassertion of the principle of health, a phagocyte generated to fight the organism of unrest that afflicts the vast majority of moderns, most of whom have not got beyond the first stages of the disease.

We should like to recommend this more hopeful view of radicalism to Dr. Paton, who, alas! can see in the views of this paper only another case of nervous breakdown or dementia præcox. Let our critic study the pathological types that the thwarting of economic and political progress produced in Russia in the latter half of the nineteenth century and ask himself if some of the founding fathers of this country, or their immediate political successors, might not have suffered from a sense of indignity and inadequacy equally morbid, had they not been radical and revolutionary enough, first, to question the soundness of the institutions they had been trained to regard as infallible; then, to unsettle many other minds on this score; and, finally, to lead a rebellion against the highest constituted authority of their time. As for ourselves, we are all for taking counsel with the millions here and abroad

who are infected with the plague of discontent that Dr. Paton deplures; and we shall look further than the editorial columns of radical papers for the source of a disease that perhaps is endemic as well as epidemic.

MARIE.

(Translated from the Hungarian by Joseph Dick.)

THE private hotel, a *maison meublée*, was recommended to me by friends. It is situated in the rue Victor Massé, a street in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard, and close to the "white lights" of Montmartre. As my cab stopped in front of it, a man in a brown cotton blouse stepped out and possessed himself of my trunk. At the door stood the proprietor, Monsieur Boudouin, an honest-faced, smiling, fat man, a promising host. He had been apprised of my coming, my friends having even informed him which particular room I wanted. Indeed, Monsieur Boudouin was so well prepared for me, that he even pronounced my foreign name correctly. Most hospitably he shook my hand, led me to his office, introduced me to his wife and to his ten-year-old little daughter Lucienne, and then, hooking his arm into mine, he led me up to the second floor.

I liked my room very much. The velvet canopy of my four poster filled me with awe, and the large fire-place charmed me, for, at that time, I did not realize how much more comfortable a commonplace but efficient iron stove is. Then Monsieur Boudouin said: "Marie will bring up your things. . . . Marie will take care of your room. . . . Marie will bring up your breakfast. . . ."

Marie! What magic, what poetry is there in the name! I was only eighteen and had been dreaming for weeks of the charming Parisian women—not indeed of the *Parisiennes*—and the name of this one is Marie! How different from the ordinary, common Mary! How much grace, how much charm, magic and esprit!

Then came a bitter disappointment. There was a knock at the door, and in came a short, heavy-set, bony-faced, dark-skinned, long-armed, heavy-handed woman. She smiled and, nodding to me, she introduced herself: "I am Marie."

It was a shock. But Marie kept on smiling, and most amiably helped me get my things in order. She gave me sound, practical advice, and quietly expatiated upon the fickleness of the girls in the Café Blanche. She advised me to get acquainted with some good, honest girl. Well, thought I, Marie is not a representative of French womanly grace. After all, not every Paris woman can be the intoxicating *Parisienne* of whom my brain, fed on cheap romances, had been dreaming.

But the Hotel Boudouin had another disillusionment in store for me.

Madame Boudouin interested me. She sat all day in the hotel-office, and I spoke to her every time I called for my key, passing in and out. She was about thirty, a blooming, mature woman, with handsome, intelligent features—and, as I thought then, sad-eyed. She seemed unhappy. Was Monsieur Boudouin to blame? She seemed to be cultured, and certainly was very good looking, and Monsieur Boudouin was rather common, fat, and ignorant: just a plain bourgeois.

I began to converse with Madame. I talked wittily and drew heavily upon my stock of information to appear worthy of French culture, French esprit, and made curious discoveries. Madame Boudouin had not the slightest idea about the Venus de Milo, and all she knew about the Louvre was its shops. This was her French culture! When I quoted Musset's poetry to her, she had only an embarrassed smile for me—that was all she had of French esprit! In other respects . . . well, she adored Monsieur Boudouin.

In short, she was not in need of consolation, and so I desisted. But we became good friends, and I came to be on the most friendly terms with Monsieur Boudouin also, and with their little Lucienne. Occasionally they invited me to take dinner with them, and so, by and by, I became acquainted with a phase of French life of which French

books and French newspapers say nothing. I became really fond of the little family. Honest, decent, hard-working people, the best of husbands, the best of wives. Nothing was further from them than the proverbial French immorality so much talked about outside of France. Why, these people had not even been to a theatre! They adored their little daughter and worked for her like slaves, and all they knew of life was work. Their greatest dissipation was a good dinner and a glass of wine. They had come to Paris, twelve years before, from the neighbourhood of Dordogne. Then they had only rented the hotel. They had to work hard, both of them, but five years later they bought the place, and later Marie came to them, and then they could take it easier. Monsieur Boudouin did some wine-business on the side. Marie took care of everything around the house.

I liked them immensely. I liked the hotel, I liked my room, its inefficient fire-place, the rattling windows, and I liked Marie, who brought me my breakfast punctually, and I liked the cotton-bloused porter. Him Marie introduced to me with: "This is Joseph, my husband," as she fetched him up to my room to help me move a cupboard.

Marie and Joseph took care of the whole large house, Marie of the two lower, and Joseph of the two upper floors. Marie did her work of cleaning with incredible swiftness and in brilliant good humour. Hard-working, good people, both of them, good-natured, amiable and touchingly industrious. Once, when I was laid up with fever, Marie nursed me like a mother. She told me then that she came from the Normandie, and that, when she would have saved enough, she would go back home, buy some land and do farming.

I grew very fond of these folk. Six months later I had to leave and my leave-taking affected me greatly. I kissed little Lucienne, shook hands with Madame Boudouin; and Monsieur Boudouin, after drinking his last glass of wine with me, heartily embraced me. Outside stood Marie and Joseph, and both of them warmly pressed my hand in their calloused palms. Marie was affected, Joseph was affected, and I was affected.

Afterward, thinking of all of them always touched my heart. Four years passed, but whenever I thought of the Boudouins, my heart always warmed for them. The honestest, best people; the pleasantest place in the world, that Hotel Boudouin. Then one day, towards the end of May, homeward bound from London, I arrived in Paris. I had notified Monsieur Boudouin, and one sunny spring morning I stood again in the rue Victor Massé. Monsieur Boudouin was as fat as ever; he smiled and hugged me. Madame Boudouin had also put on some fat; but she still was handsome, blooming and happy. She shook both of my hands. I asked for Lucienne and was told that three years ago she had entered the Convent school and was to stay there another three years. Then she would come back home, and marry. The happy parents told me that Lucienne was a beautiful girl, bright, a good student, and in excellent health.

Monsieur Boudouin took me up to my old room. On leaving me to myself, I heard him call out to Marie that I had arrived. There was a crash, as from a dropping dustpan and broom, a slamming of a door, and an impatient rap at my door, and then entered precipitately Marie, squat, muscular and overjoyed. She pressed my hand in both of hers. How am I, and what have I been doing, and where have I been, and am I prospering, and have I been well, she asks rapidly without giving me a chance to answer. And wasn't it terrible when I had that bad fever and she had to put cold compresses, without end, on my head! They had thought so often of me!

What a dear, good Marie! How affecting, how warm-hearted, what a faithful creature! I told her about myself and then I asked some questions with genuine interest.

"Et vous? Ca va bien?"

Oh, indeed yes, she is quite well.

"And your husband?" say I.

He too is well, thanks, says she. They are both first-rate. They work hard, but they can stand it, for they live well. Is this small satchel all I have? What, an-

other one below? Her husband will bring it up. He is downstairs now. And now she must leave, for there is a good deal of work to be done.

She left the room. I heard her call down the stairway and soon after, with the noise of Marie's brush and beater going on in the next room, there is a rap at my door. Ah, this will be my good friend Joseph, think I.

I open the door and in comes my satchel, and I am stretching out my open palm for Joseph's friendly hand-shake, but draw it back again, for it is not Joseph. Is this a mistake? Joseph was small, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, but this man is tall and blond. Perhaps a new valet, an increase in help.

"Just drop that satchel," I tell the man. Then I ask him: "So work got too heavy for the two of them?"

The blond man looks at me astonished. "Too heavy? Not at all. There's only two of us."

"Well, and how about Marie's husband?"

"I am Marie's husband."

The blond man goes out, followed by my startled look. Poor Marie has been a widow then! Well, she is married and happy again.

At noon, chatting with M. Boudouin, I say to him:

"So Marie was widowed?"

"Widowed? Why, no!"

"Joseph died," say I.

"Why, no," says Monsieur Boudouin, wondering.

"Ah, I see, they were divorced!"

"Why, no. That is . . . well, now . . ."

Monsieur Boudouin looks at Madame, Madame looks at Monsieur, who raises his thumb and pointing with its curve backward and upward, talks, explains and, by degrees, I begin to understand. They need in the hotel help, a man and a woman. The woman is Marie, has been Marie these ten years. The man, well, he is changed. Marie is important to them. Marie is a worker. Marie is honest. Marie keeps things shipshape. They can depend on Marie who watches their interest as a lioness watches her cubs. The man is unimportant. The men come and go, but Marie stays. The man's bedroom is right next to Marie's, right here on the ground floor, to the left of the stairs. The man comes, and at once becomes Marie's husband. Then, when he leaves, a new man comes. If Marie likes him, he stays and becomes her husband.

I understood; Monsieur Boudouin was perfectly satisfied with his explanation. With his two hands raised, palms turned upward, he looked at Madame, as though calling her to witness, and then, turning to me he said, somewhat astonished, as though expecting to be contradicted: "She must have a man, musn't she?"

But I hastened to agree, "Of course she must," with diplomatic zeal.

And Madame, seriously and with a graceful but firm nod, confirmed the statement.

A week later I left them. Again we parted with great warmth. Again Monsieur Boudouin embraced me and Madame shook my hands. Marie, greatly moved, attended me at my cab, and Ernest, not Joseph this time, but Ernest, whom in the course of the week I had come to know as an honest, decent fellow, took leave of me too, and I shook his powerful hand with genuine liking.

Another year passed. About the Boudouins I heard only once from a friend whom I recommended to the hotel. All of them were tip-top, my friend wrote, in good health and prosperous. Two years later I again had to go to Paris, where I intended to spend two months. I accordingly notified Monsieur Boudouin.

They received me with the old affection, the good people. Little Lucienne, now a beautiful, fair young lady, was at home too. She still remembered me. She had learned a good deal in the convent school. She was sixteen now and, in a year or two, was to marry. They put me into my old room, and Marie came in to greet me. She had not changed, and looked as she did two years ago, and six years ago. She might have been thirty-five years old, or thirty, or forty-five, for that matter. She was kind as ever, and her amiable, warm, brown eyes looked as

pleasant as ever. The pressure of her hand was as warm as I remembered it, and her questions just as solicitous. Of her husband I dared not inquire. But I did ask Monsieur Boudouin about him.

"My goodness," said Monsieur Boudouin, "we had a great deal of trouble about that. We had a man from the Pyrénées. They are thieves, all of them. This one was a thief too. But he was so clever that not even Marie caught him. But when she got on to him, he offered to whack up with her. Marie jumped upon him. She wanted to scratch his eyes out. The fellow bellowed, drew his knife, the police came in; it was awful."

"And this man . . . was he Marie's . . .?"

"Her husband? Why, yes. But when he came from marketing, which was one of his jobs, he sold part on the way home. He stole in other ways too. Yes, he was her husband, but when she got on to him . . ."

I became thoughtful. I did not praise Marie, though Monsieur Boudouin seemed to expect it. I asked him: "And now . . . is there . . . a new man?"

"Oh my, yes! He came three days ago. He came from the country. He worked on my sister-in-law's dairy-farm. He is an honest fellow, but does not understand his work. Marie is training him."

I was thus reassured that Marie's family concerns were arranged. I met the new man, a tall, spare fellow, dark, about thirty-five years old, powerful, slow of gait. Marie had already put him into the brown cotton blouse. "Well, for the next few years, Marie's domestic comfort is assured, anyhow," thought I.

Four days had passed, and all at once I noticed that Marie was ill-humoured. In the afternoon I met her in the hall and spoke to her, but she barely returned my greeting. Next morning I was waiting for my breakfast which Marie had always brought with unfailing punctuality, but no breakfast came. I rang the bell, rang it twice, three times. At last Marie comes, angry, fire in her eye, slams down upon the table, cup, plates, tray and all, and without paying the least attention to me, leaves, slamming the door after her.

What in heaven has struck Marie? I breakfasted and walked down to the hotel office. As I entered, Monsieur Boudouin was just stepping out, his face flushed, his hair dishevelled; the amiable, quiet, smiling man was greatly perturbed. I wanted to stop him, but, most impolitely, he pushed me aside, and squeezing past me, he ran out of the room and up the stairs. I entered the office. There, Madame suddenly jumped up from her seat, and as though suddenly struck by a saving idea, flushed up, and against her usual quiet habit, rushed out shouting after her husband.

I had just made up my mind to go out, when in the narrow entry I met Lucienne, just as she was coming in. She too was flushed and excited. I stopped her. "What is wrong here, Lucienne? What has gone askew?"

Lucienne looked at me seriously, and then said impressively: "Victor. We have trouble with Victor."

"Victor? Who is Victor?"

"The new man. The man whom aunt sent us."

"His name is Victor? What's the trouble with him? Is he ill? What's wrong with him?"

Lucienne, standing tiptoe, whispered into my ear: "Victor doesn't want to."

"What does he not want to?" I asked wonderingly. The little girl, getting quite close to me said seriously, softly, plaintively, and astonished: "He does not want to be Marie's husband."

I looked at her startled, taken aback, as she was seriously nodding to me. I did not question her any further. But I did not leave, I stayed. "What's going to happen?" I wondered.

A few minutes later, Monsieur Boudouin rushed back into the office and excitedly paced back and forth. But soon after he was in a condition to be talked to. Then Madame returned and they both told me their troubles.

"Victor has been here a week," said Monsieur Boudouin. "We thought things were all right. But no. No! They are all wrong.

"Marie thought," said Madame, "that Victor was only bashful. But he isn't. Victor does not want to."

"Marie told him yesterday," said Monsieur Boudouin, "that her door is open."

"Yes, and Victor told her, that for all he cared, she could take her door off its hinges," said Madame indignantly.

"Marie asked him, whether he wanted to or not."

"Yes, and Victor said no!"

"Marie then asked him why he had come at all."

"Victor then told her it wasn't in his contract."

"Then Marie called him a slob."

"And Victor called her a slut."

"Marie then came to me and threatened to leave."

"And she cried, and began to pack her trunk."

"She will leave. She is mad all through."

"The way she carried on! She means it." Both Madame and Monsieur were desperate.

"What will become of us, if Marie leaves?" asked Monsieur.

"We are not accustomed to drudgery any more," said Madame plaintively.

I thought of a brilliant idea. "Fire Victor," said I. Monsieur Boudouin argumentatively waved his hand: "In the first place, he has a year's contract."

"And then, Marie has set her heart on him now," added Madame.

I understood. Marie insisted on her rights. It is up to Monsieur Boudouin to get her what she is entitled to. If not, she packs her trunk.

The Boudouin family sat down in conference. I, as a friend of theirs, was invited to take part. At its conclusion Victor was called in. Victor came in, with his heavy, bucolic gait, respectfully, but composedly, a determined challenge in his face. Monsieur Boudouin talked to him. What a good place is his in the hotel! The work is not heavy, there are lots of tips, and in a few years he can go home and buy a small farm. Victor agreed, nodding his large, bony head, and when Monsieur Boudouin had done talking, he said calmly: "Yes, I'll stay. I'll stay gladly."

Monsieur Boudouin exclaimed: "But then, you must . . . you know . . . Marie . . ."

Victor rolled his head slowly, first from left to right, and then back again, from right to left.

"No," said Victor calmly, "that is not in the contract."

Monsieur Boudouin appeared provoked. He started praising Marie. What a decent, good body! How industrious, how kind! And, she has already saved a good bit of money.

Victor again calmly rolled his head from left to right and then from right to left. "Nothing in the contract about Marie," he said again.

Monsieur Boudouin's forehead was moist with anxious perspiration. What does Victor want, he asked. Have they not met providentially? Have they not adjoining rooms, made for domesticity? Would it not be right and proper . . . consider now, a man and a woman, . . . evidently now . . . why, it would be a crime not to . . .

Madame Boudouin signified her approval of her husband's hints with vehement nods. But Victor kept on rolling his head from side to side. Monsieur Boudouin threw up his hands and shrugged his shoulders in despair, and Madame compressed her lips in bitter disappointment. Victor stood still. Then he made slow preparations to leave, and when partly turned toward the door he repeated with adamant calmness: "It's not in the contract."

Thus he slowly started to go out. But Monsieur Boudouin jumped up from his chair, rushed up to Victor, and taking hold of his brown cotton blouse turned him around again, and flushed from excitement played his trump card: "It is not in the contract? Let us make a new contract then."

Victor stood looking serious and expectant.

"We will pay you every month," said the excited Monsieur Boudouin, "we will pay you . . . let's see . . . we will pay you . . ."

"Five francs," interrupted Madame.

Victor looked at Madame, then he looked at Monsieur, and then his head went again from right to left and then from left to right.

"Five francs a month!" said the excited Monsieur Boudouin. "Only think! Sixty francs a year!"

But Victor's bony head slowly turned from side to side.

"Well, how much do you want?" asked the worried Boudouin, "How much?"

"Yes, how much?" added Madame.

"Ten francs," came the answer, after some deliberation.

There was some haggling. A hundred and twenty francs a year is a good deal, remonstrated Monsieur Boudouin; but the bargain was struck after all.

Victor cautiously repeated the agreement. "Every month I get an extra ten francs, then."

Monsieur Boudouin nodded. Madame said: "Yes, as long as . . ."

Victor confirmed this with a nod. Monsieur Boudouin then shook Victor's hand, poured him a glass of wine, and clinking their glasses together they drank in final confirmation of the agreement. Then Victor respectfully bowed and turning toward the door, left the office with his heavy, agricultural gait. Monsieur and Madame exchanged pleased glances, and Madame said to her husband: "Now run to Marie and tell her."

"I am going," said Monsieur Boudouin. "I am glad you interrupted me. I wanted to offer him ten francs to begin with."

"Yes, and then he would have asked fifteen," said Madame.

Monsieur Boudouin was overjoyed. He gaily clicked his tongue, and stepped out to tell Marie all about it.

At ten o'clock that night, on coming home, I saw a light in the hotel office. They sat at the supper table, all three, Monsieur, Madame, and Lucienne. They sat there in pleasantest concord, good humoured, and contented; an exemplary, happy family. There was a bottle on the table. As I took my key off its hook on the wall, they called me in to a glass of wine.

"Until midnight we attend to the door to-night," said Monsieur Boudouin.

"We excused Victor until then," said Madame. "He just went to bed."

Lucienne's presence embarrassed me somewhat. "And so . . . so everything is arranged . . . satisfactorily . . .?" I asked haltingly.

Monsieur Boudouin jumped up, stepped out of the office door, slowly walked up to the staircase and returned a few minutes later, good humoured, his eyes shining. "Yes, everything is all right," said he enthusiastically. "I have just been there."

Madame smiled and rejoiced, Lucienne rejoiced, I also rejoiced; we clinked our wine glasses and drank.

"Long live the new couple," shouted Monsieur and Madame Boudouin.

"Long live the new couple," shouted little Lucienne and I.

Lucienne then was sent to bed, and we stayed up till midnight for a good time. Promptly at midnight Victor came, sat down upon the couch in the office, and at once answering the bell, pulled the rope to open the door for a late guest. We then left for our beds.

Next morning Marie promptly brought my breakfast. Her eyes shone, and her smile was radiant as ever, and a few minutes later she rattled and pounded away at her chores with her old, unflagging energy. I stepped down to the office. Monsieur Boudouin was in excellent humour. Madame was in excellent humour. So was Lucienne. The whole hotel was in the best of humour.

LUDWIG BIRÖ.

AGAINST THE WISE.

THE myth of Faust has not yet been stated in modern terms. Legends far older, the legends of ancient Greece and prehistoric Germany, have risen from their old graves, in new bodies, and clothed in new

raiment; and Apollo, Dionysus, Prometheus and Siegfried have become not only modern but typically modern. But Faust, even after Goethe's attempt to transfigure him, remains unconquerably mediæval; and a great theme is still left for a genius bold enough to attack it.

Bold enough, for the theme is one which demands above all boldness. The problem of Faust is the problem of wisdom; and our attitude to wisdom has changed radically in the last hundred years. Nowadays we prize only that kind of wisdom which former ages held in horror. In all ages a belief has existed that this kind of wisdom is a dangerous thing; that in being wise a man lives on familiar terms with evil, that he is more intimate with the devil than other men are. And this is true; we, in this generation, who, when we philosophize, constantly question the foundations of good and evil, should be the last to deny it. The philosopher, the hero of reason, must listen even to the devil for the sake of truth, and perhaps of other things; he must be benevolently neutral to him, although he knows beforehand that Satan is a good advocate. This is precisely the problem stated in Faust, but it is stated in terms which violate our modern instincts and shock our modern wisdom. We no longer believe that in allying himself with the devil Faust was damned; we believe on the contrary that precisely in doing that, he was saved. Faust was not a spiritual fool betrayed by his intellectual pride; he was the type of the great philosopher, the first philosopher in whom philosophy transcended itself. This is what the knowledge of our time justifies us in seriously thinking. Faust is the incarnation of that profound wisdom which turns against wisdom; which seeks to express, not in words, but in Being itself, a complete affirmation of life.

The philosopher, having created Satan, must transform him; wisdom, having raised the devil, must raise him still higher. To make this clear, a few truisms have to be stated. First, then, there is recognized by all thinkers a tremendous and fundamental incongruity between wisdom and what we in our time call "Life." Life, they see, is a ceaseless pushing forward, a continuous creation of the new and the unique. It is itself nothing else than this eternal Becoming, this eternal newness and uniqueness. It is a thing not arbitrary but necessary and inexorable; it can not step out of itself, or leap forward, or turn back, or pause in its movement. These things it can not do; but precisely these things men discover that through their wisdom they can do. Their thought is not, like the process of life, necessitated; it has not to move inexorably forward; it can range where it will, irresponsibly into the past or the future; it can pick out and detain a moment, and examine it for a lifetime; it can make all sorts of suns to stand still; it can anchor man, irrespective of the imperative needs of life, to the distant past; it can make him halt, for the sake of stability, at a dangerous stage, a perilous crossing; it can be great, sublime, meaningless or unnatural, abysmally and fundamentally. It can rob life of meaning simply by giving it a meaning. It can do this, because it is in some sense detached from life, free and therefore irresponsible. And being this, it is a dangerous thing; but this only the wisest see. Wisdom, they see, is not a solution merely, but a problem. There is something to be said against it!

The wisdom which can thus divorce itself from life has an aim; an aim which, if man acknowledges wisdom at all, he must acknowledge to be wise. This

aim is the attainment of stability. In nature man finds only ceaseless change, and he seeks to create in the bosom of change a stability of his own. In thought he makes things changeless and eternal; in practical life he establishes settled beliefs, settled laws. This affirmation of stability expressed itself early in Europe; ideally in Parmenides and Plato, and politically in the Roman Empire and the Roman Catholic Church. But the stability which wisdom seeks is the stability of changelessness; not the stability of life itself, for life is stable just because it is change. The thing which would infallibly destroy its stability would be—stability as the wise know it. There is no escape from this law. In life everything, even rest, is motion.

The antagonism between wisdom and life is here, then, complete. If it were powerful enough wisdom would destroy all life, simply and effectively, by stopping everything that moves, that it might be studied in security. It would do this if it could, for wisdom is like everything else—finally without conscience.

But wisdom is necessary; if it is the enemy of life, it is a necessary enemy, and it serves life in combating it. Here, then, is the criterion of wisdom: in as far as it does this, it is good, for its very denial affirms; in as far as it does more than this, it is evil, for its denial is mere denial. "A little reason, to be sure," said Nietzsche, "a germ of wisdom scattered from star to star—this leaven is so mixed in all things; for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed in all things!"

So it is folly, great folly, which finally judges the wisdom of men; folly, the abysmal and irreducible folly which is itself the unconscious wisdom of existence. All conscious wisdom is judged, is weighed and approved or denied, in being, by unconscious wisdom. A people carves itself with heroic prohibitions and cruel punishments into a nation which becomes as hard and unconquerable as granite, lasting for a thousand years; but the time comes when the great folly, the great wisdom, sweeps it away because its folly and wisdom are not those of life. A Man-God lays down once and for all what Truth, Beauty, Goodness and Love are, and founds a Church in which all men for ever shall worship; but when the time comes the Church stands empty, the Word is void, and their very wisdom makes them appear more desolate. The wise search for the flaw which has brought their work to nothing. But the flaw is not a flaw of reason; it is not wisdom but something else that is lacking. The *unconscious* wisdom of life judges not only our crimes; it condemns our most precious and holy things—virtue, self-sacrifice, beauty, truth—because they want to be final and are not.

But because this thing is his judge and brings his work to nothing, man has given it the blackest of names; it is "the world" of the Christians, the "nature red in tooth and claw" of last century; it is remorseless Time, blind Chance, the Devil himself. Yes, this is Mephistopheles, the spirit of denial, the being which willing evil does good; and Faust, in affirming him, in drawing from him power and life, put himself above formal wisdom, and explored for the first time a wisdom beyond wisdom, the reconciling gnosis which we all in our time desire. To-day we desire to be Fausts, and, moreover, we no longer regard Mephistopheles as evil; for we know why men once thought him evil. They could not do otherwise. Their wisdom by its very constitution was a "no" to life; and life when it overthrew the works of their wisdom had therefore to be denied. But this denial no longer satisfies us. We desire to possess a wisdom which does

not merely deny, but which transcends its denial; which not only creates the antithesis, thought and life, but also reconciles them; a wisdom not merely conscious, a form finally empty and void, but a wisdom both conscious and unconscious, fundamental, integral, the affirmation not in words merely, but in being, of all existence, the one and only real affirmation. This is what Nietzsche called Dionysian wisdom; and for this our age is ripe.

This unconscious wisdom, the judge of nations and of men, is not a metaphor. It is not something senseless which the poet man has endowed with meaning. It is not Chance, oblivious Time, or anything else of which moralists and rhetoricians love to speak. It is the law by which existence itself exists; it is that without which nothing could have been. For the rest, if that is necessary, it is scientifically demonstrable. Writers on psycho-analysis have shown us how much wiser we are than we think; they have begun to reveal the unconscious, a thing compared with which our consciousness is obvious, shallow, solemn, insincere; a thing so infinitely subtle that it perceives even the imperceptible, so undeviatingly just that it does not ignore or conceal what wounds itself; a thing pitiless, caring nothing for us, willing, if we do not conform with its needs, to slay us, to drive us mad; a thing great and salutary, which if we recognize it will make us more than Gods. This wisdom is not deceived by eternal truths, good and evil, and all the meanness, the glory and the pride of the intellect. It can do only two things, condemn or reconcile, because only these two things can finally be done. What does not altogether affirm life it must destroy.

This is the thing which in our time we have come to affirm. How far this affirmation will take us, we do not know; and therefore we can not realize its greatness. But in a hundred years, perhaps, people will apprehend its meaning; and then they will speak of it as a turning-point in the fate of the human spirit.

EDWIN MUIR.

▲ COMMUNIST SANCTUARY.

BEHIND the grey, mediæval walls of the Republic of San Marino, fifty communist leaders, refugees all, live in security. Neither Italy's Government nor Hungary's can reach them there, although the little Republic can muster for their protection an army of no more than eight privates and one general. This is curious, but the queer little nation holds another story as interesting. Politically independent for fourteen centuries, and with a democratic government since the "pacific revolution" of 1906, San Marino to-day, like every other country in Europe, is torn by the struggle of its communist citizens against the anti-communists, and signs are not wanting that before long the red flag will wave from the tessellated walls of the First, the Second and the Third Towers, high above the smooth hills of Romagna, and the blue waters of the Adriatic.

The Republic of San Marino is the oldest independent State in Europe and the smallest; the population numbers 12,000 and the frontiers enclose no more than thirty-two square miles. It is situated in Central Italy on the Adriatic slopes of the Apennines. It was founded, so the story goes, in the fourth century by a stone-cutter named Marinus, who fled Dalmatia during the anti-Christian activities of Diocletian. He managed to negotiate the grade to the top of Mont Titan, 2450 feet high and fifteen miles from the coast, and before long pilgrims had carved a road to him,

and Felicita, a Roman matron, herself a convert, gave him the mountain. There is another story, however, which is much more interesting and human. Marinus, it appears, was indeed a stone-cutter, a Dalmatian, and a Christian; but it was his wife from whom he fled, not Diocletian. This version of the story declares that Marinus, having settled down in Rimini in imagined security, met his wife one day upon the street, she having just disembarked from Dalmatia, whereupon at the sight of her he ran away in a panic back into the hills, choosing in his desperation the highest, most inaccessible rock in the whole land. Finding security there, he was faced with the problem of making a living, and the establishment of a Christian mission was his successful way of meeting the difficulty. From that day to this, the little realm has stood on its own sturdy legs, and to-day it has three live industries—grape-culture, stone-mining, and protecting political refugees.

There is only one route into the republic; a motor bus-line from Rimini, fourteen milles away. The bus leaves daily in the afternoon, and Rimini's white and dusty streets, busy with tanned men in long capes, women clicking their wooden slippers on the stones, white oxen moving slowly through a high old gate, soon give way to the smooth fields and regiments of stunted trees, radiating to the mountains, each one clasping in its gnarled old arms the lithesome body of a leafless grapevine. The broad hard road winds in great sweeping curves as it mounts up and up. . .

Once across the frontier and on republican soil, Rimini and the blue line of the Adriatic lie far away and below; and suddenly, ahead, Mont Titan rears black against the sun, crowned with the towers of the Citta. The bus stops a moment in the one street of the Borgo, second city of the realm (with 600 inhabitants), where the housefronts are plastered with placards saying "Citizens! For the life of the Republic subscribe generously to the National Loan!" The climb from the Borgo is steep, the road skirting the side of the mountain away from Rimini so that a new and grander panorama swings into view; misty valleys, snow-capped mountains, a silver river, and a pattern of shining roads—incredibly far down.

When we stopped at the gate of San Francesco, whose studded doors stood open, I asked a fellow-passenger where I might find an hotel. "Where?"—he smiled with evident amusement. "I will accompany you, if you wish," he said. "It is not hard to find. This is a little land." He was right, a hundred yards and the street widened into the Piazzetta, and here were the hotel, the café and a shop, and the beginnings of two other narrow ways. Marinese in fur-collared caps paced slowly by; a bare-headed girl tapped on her steep heels from café door to hotel door.

My room on the fifth floor had a window looking out to the Apennines across a roof crazy with chimneys, and bending under the weight of old tiles. Leaving it, I turned to the left and came upon still another flight of stairs, evidently leading to the roof. I opened the door at the top and stepped out into the street! This seemed like delirium, but it was an eminently sane arrangement in a community of cliff-dwellers.

That night in the Café Garibaldi, the Communist party of the Republic of San Marino sat grouped around the billiard-table in conference. For seventy years the Republic has been a refuge for libertarians whose incarceration or death outraged Governments have sought in vain. Garibaldi fled to Mont Titan, as everybody knows, and thereafter there have always

been one or two refugees living within the frontiers. To-day, however, there are no less than fifty. Some are socialists, some anarchists, some communists, some republicans—engineers, writers, soldiers, orators. Less than twenty are from Hungary or elsewhere outside Italy; the rest are Italians, most of them from "Communist Bologna." The "comrades" in the home town of each *profugo* supplies him with about ten lire daily, approximately thirty-six cents American, and he eats and sleeps well enough, though the need for news from the "outside" is acute.

Julian Hevesi, who was Commissar for the Socialization of Industry in the short-lived Soviet Government of Hungary, talked with me about the triumphant reaction in Hungary with little bitterness. He is a pale, slim young man, rather clerkish in his blue serge. We talked on the ramparts of the "first tower," on the very highest peak of Titan. It was a clear morning with a hint of snow; in the fields below us where Titan's shadow spread, it was as warm as spring. He talked a species of Italian which was the one language we had in common. Like all his fellows in San Marino he is not discouraged.

"What was the biggest industrial mistake made by the Soviet Government of Hungary during its existence?" I asked him. He replied without hesitation: "The abolition of piece-work in the factories. Production dropped disastrously at once, and our belated attempt to re-apply the system was foredoomed to failure. Of course, our greatest failure was with the peasants. We could not persuade them to join the revolutionary army in sufficient numbers and, when food ceased to come into the cities, our organization for the requisition of it was inefficient and ineffective."

"You would have failed then, Entente or no Entente?"

"No, had there been no interference from the outside, we should certainly have overcome the counter-revolution and firmly established the Soviet. Industrially we should have moved faster than Russia, for we had the technicians with us. But we had so little time and, what was even worse, so little room in which to retreat."

Then Hevesi began to talk of present conditions in his native land. The Government of Admiral Horthy rests upon an army of 50,000 professional soldiers, the small peasant-proprietors, the big bankers and industrialists, and the Entente. The Regent's declared programme is: "Hurrah for Christ. Down with the Jew. Return to the good old days before the war." The activities of his Government are chiefly directed to the cleaning up of *contadini*, proletariat, and petty bourgeoisie to meet the expenses of the army and of the Government. The country has been divided up into districts, each ruled over by councils or individuals equipped with power of life and death, and "expropriation proceeds in every district just as under Bela Kun's Government with the single difference that the proletarians had at least a programme, whereas Horthy's braves have no programme; they are army officers. 'Hurrah for Christ! Down with the Jews' is enough for them"—Hevesi shrugged his shoulders: "That is nothing to work on."

That night there was a ball at the Teatro di Citta for the benefit of the *New Titan*, the Socialist publication. The theatre, on its ledge of rock, has a seating-capacity of about 600, but the grand manner, characteristic of San Marino, is not absent. The theatre is built in the old-fashioned horse-shoe plan, a pit and three tiers of boxes. There were pretty

girls in red gowns, and young men with red badges, and the wheaten wreath of the soviet on their lapels; the air was full of confetti and paper serpentes; ice-cream was served on the stage; and the Republic's band of six pieces played ragtime *alla Americano*. The proscenium arch was covered with a huge placard: "Comrades, in this hour of joy, do not forget that the time of battle approaches."

In a spacious kitchen, belonging to the household of the owner of the café on the Piazzetta, with copper pans shining on the walls and a great fire-place, in the middle of which a fat black pot hung over a bit of charcoal fire, the genial secretary of the Socialist party of the Republic, Gino Jacobmini, explained San Marino's internal situation to me. The regents of the Republic in past years, he told me, had contracted with the Italian Government not to enter upon the manufacture of any commodity which in Italy is heavily taxed—alcohol, tobacco, electric globes, etc.—and, in return, the Kingdom of Italy agreed to collect the Republic's customs for her, that is, each year from the total revenue obtained from the customs-duties by the Italian Government, is deducted the percentage obtained by dividing the total number of the population of Italy by the population of San Marino. On this income, the Republic lived well enough up to *post-bellum* times. Now it is all but bankrupt. An attempt to raise a national loan resulted after two months in obtaining 71,000 lire only—about \$2840. The goal is 1,000,000 lire, but if the equivalent to \$10,000 is obtained everybody will be fairly well pleased.

The government of the little Republic consists of a parliament of sixty deputies, twenty of whom are elected every three years. Every six months the parliament elects two regents; these are the country's executives. This form of government has existed since 1906. At present there are about 1800 voters and four political parties. Last November four of the twenty new deputies were Socialists, making the chamber's total of revolutionaries eighteen. All of them refused to take their seats, for the reason that accepting office is tantamount to participating in the government of a nation ruled in a truly parliamentary manner.

While we were talking, a boy came in, excited with the news that at a meeting of peasants in Serravalle, a hamlet down the mountain, a debate between a Socialist and a priest, who had been arguing for the Popular party, had ended when the latter drew an automatic from his vestments and took a shot at his opponent—doing no damage.

NORMAN MATSON.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

XIV: THE DARK HOUR ON CALVARY.

No doubt the crucifixion of Jesus was the sensation of the hour in Jerusalem. The only parallel to it as a spectacle in the sensational sense is the decapitation of Louis XVI in the Paris of Danton and Robespierre. All Jerusalem turned out. Everybody could not be in the actual procession to Golgotha, but every man and many women who could snatch an hour in the course of the day went out to see the sight. Altogether, the affair, from the standpoint of Caiaphas, the high priest, was no less tremendous a success than the execution of Louis XVI must have seemed to the Cordeliers and the Jacobins. The guillotine was more humane than the cross but the crowd in each case fancied that it was witnessing a jest at the expense of a king. There was the same ribaldry among the spectators, the same eagerness to be in at the death. Perhaps, as the Son of Man drew near the spot upon which his agony was to be

consummated, there ensued the same swift silence that settled down about the guillotine in front of the garden of the Tuileries when the doomed Bourbon arrived from the Temple.

No evangelist records whatever words may have passed between Jesus and his executioners as his hands and feet were nailed to the cross. The four soldiers who proved so expert in this business turned their attention next to the two thieves. The crowd had nothing now to do but look on. Its absorption in the spectacle may account for the baldness of the narrative here, even in Luke. We know only that the curiosity of all was immensely stimulated by a definite impression that Jesus might even in this supreme agony work yet another of his wonders. Many had heard of his power to raise the dead and even to walk on the water and still the tempest. It has been conjectured that the Roman authorities, prompted by the chief priests, were on their guard against a possible attempt at a rescue.

All could see and a few could read the inscription on the cross in the centre when an example had at last been made of the three prisoners. There were adjacent gardens to which the sightseer could betake himself from the main road over which for a time, as the sun grew higher, fell the shortening shadows thrown by those crosses. They did not rest in position against the side of the frowning cliff but were supported by boulders a little away from it. Many an artist has erred in setting his Jerusalem far away in the background when painting this spectacle, but it is an even grosser misconception to make the cross start abruptly out of the ground in the fashion of our telegraph poles.

After the division of the garments of Jesus among the four soldiers who had nailed him, there ensued a long and somewhat monotonous pause in the dramatic quality of the crucifixion. In the spoil that the soldiers had seized upon there chanced to be a coat woven from the top throughout and hence without seam, and for this lots were cast. Then the quartet sat down and watched their work, for it was by no means unusual when a Roman crucifixion was bungled to see the cross collapse. The other troops from the garrison—there was a whole company of these with a centurion in command—kept order among the spectators. The only words of Jesus yet caught by the crowd were these: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" The pair of thieves were evidently still too much stupefied by the customary soporific to say anything at all. The mother of Jesus and his mother's sister Mary, the wife of Cleophas and Mary Magdalene remained at this stage of the spectacle afar from the cross, lost, possibly, in the crowd on the highway or perhaps shrinking from sight in a near-by garden.

Slowly the sightseers straggled back, disappointed, to the city. Many must have shaken their heads as they encountered fresh throngs coming out from Jerusalem. Nothing doing! No miracle whatever—not even a feeding of the multitude with a loaf or a fish! Jesus of Nazareth had, as our newspapers would say nowadays, been put out of business. This news, brought back by the disillusioned, who found this stage of the show too dull to sit out, diffused a lively joy among the chief priests, the scribes and the Pharisees. They, too, were strolling out to help turn the crucifixion into something very like a circus.

The ears of Jesus and the two thieves were now ringing with the jests and the witticisms which can scarcely have failed to set the greater part of that vast assembly—for people were coming as well as going—into roars of laughter and tempests of applause. The technical charge against the Master being one of sedition, it would be a patriotic duty to mob him, even on the cross. There are touches of real American humour in the artless barbarism of the scene that ensued.

"He saved others," shouted one of the scribes. "Himself he can not save!"

"If he be the King of Israel," bawled an elder, point-

ing, no doubt, to that inscription of Pilate's, "let him now come down from the cross and we will believe him."

The fancy of the crowd was completely caught. "If thou be the son of God," ran the cry, "come down from the cross." A few of the more facetious reminded Jesus of his capacity to rebuild the temple in three days.

Let no man attempt to derive consolation from the delusion that the scene was typically Roman. So modern a poet as Rogers once saw a cartful of young girls in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn. All had been condemned under the same indictment because they had seen some houses burn down during the Gordon riots. Greville saw several boys sentenced to be hanged in the course of the same riots. "Never," said his Lordship later, "did I see children cry so." Their writhings at Tyburn delighted the mob for hours. Let us remember that the scribes and the Pharisees, the twentieth-century immigration-inspectors at Ellis Island and our Federal judiciary are really less atrocious than they might be.

The uproar at Golgotha had waxed to a violent fury before one of the thieves and then the other emerged into something like a sense of what was going on below them. What stupefaction must have been theirs as they listened to that invitation to come down from the cross! Both turned to the companion of their anguish with a natural resentment, and their execrations mingled with those of the mob out along the road.

The scene was thus dragged out all that morning until the hour of noon, when a sudden darkness invested the high road and the cliff—not the gloom of an eclipse but the veiling of the face of day. The light temper of the crowd grew as heavy as the fog. For a time there was silence. The elders and the scribes began to steal off. The populace trailed back to Jerusalem or trailed out. The thieves no longer reviled their companion. What signified darkness to the mob may have meant light to them. A faint ray of some truth may have caught the eye of him who is so curiously referred to by theologians as the impenitent thief.

"If thou be Christ," he pleaded, "save thyself and us!"

The whole philosophy of Schopenhauer is anticipated in that summons, the pessimism of Leopardi, the doom of Nietzsche. These men and their kind do no more than elaborate their variants upon the demand of the skeptical and impatient thief on the cross. The wifeless and childless Schopenhauer, cursing love as he lives alone with a dog, the embittered and brilliant Leopardi, immortalizing himself as the great poet of despair, the sensitive and disillusioned Heine, glorifying the female form more than all else, the cheerful Huxley, longing for a kindly comet to sweep the earth and all man into oblivion—these afford a composite picture of that thief on the cross who besought Jesus to prove that he was, indeed, the Christ, by saving himself and us. The darkness brooding over Calvary has for all of them the finality of three cadavers, that of Jesus being of no more significance than the rest.

One of the thieves, however, chanced to be an optimist—an optimist who had to shout his philosophy through the darkness while his feet and hands bled: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds. But this man hath done nothing amiss."

The reply of the pessimist is not on record. We know only that the optimist directed his next words to Jesus himself. "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!"

The retort took the form of the boldest of all the prophecies ever made upon the earth: "Verily, I say unto thee," Jesus declared, "to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

The darkness had not lifted. It seems to have entered its first phase. The veil of the temple was not yet rent. The silence had settled down so heavily upon the soldiers, upon the women hiding in the gardens, upon the mockers, assuming any to be left, that the next cry from the lips of Jesus rang out across the whole place of the skull: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Here was the supreme revelation of Jesus in his human aspect as the Son of Man, tempted in all things like ourselves. He who fails to fathom the depths of the despair and desolation out of which arose that cry on the cross is not human but a theologian, knowing all about God and nothing at all about man. Naturally, then, John omits it from his gospel. Luke has only a bare reference to it, omitting the words. The cry does not fit into the artistry of his climax involving that pair of thieves. Matthew, although no artist, did understand Christianity—a thing Luke never quite grasped—and he agrees with Mark in his treatment of the terrible question framed by Jesus at the crisis on Calvary. That question had a function to perform in the evolution of Christianity or never would it have rung out in the darkness—never!

The mood of Jesus at that moment finds expression in the heaviest hour of each of us. Its agony was tasted by Napoleon Bonaparte no less than by Wilkins Micawber. The soldiers of the Corsican lay on the ground with hunger alone to stimulate them. They numbered less than half the force of the foe. No help could be expected from Paris. He whose boast it was that fortune never abandoned him on great occasions wrote to Josephine to flee to Genoa. Fortune had turned. The end had come. He must perish with glory while playing a losing game with courage. He won.

The man who never passes through the valley of the shadow of death in this fashion has no comprehension for that cry on Calvary and were best left in his theological seminary or his deanery. He, says Goethe, who never ate his bread with tears, prostrate from a sense of his own utter frustration, knows not the heavenly powers. If Jesus had not cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" his career would have signified something to exalted ecclesiastics only. The rest of us could have had no use for him. He would not have been flesh and blood but a creature out of the Greek mythology, like Apollo, wearing, for the mere luxury of self-expression, the mask of a mortal, but destitute of all inheritance in the flesh. The crisis at Calvary was necessary to prove Jesus no masquerader. His desolation was grimmer than that of Job, his loneliness more complete than that of Robinson Crusoe, the darkness out of which he cried blacker than anything in Dante's hell.

Washington at Valley Forge, Lincoln in the days immediately preceding Gettysburg, Columbus on the watery waste day after day with no trace of land, had each his dark hour on Calvary. The very riddle—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—presents itself in due time to every son of man, for every son of man finds himself at last on Calvary, usually between a pair of thieves.

Upon the nature of one's answer to this oldest of all queries depend such things as the pessimism of a Schopenhauer or the loss of a Waterloo, the discovery of a new world, the production of a masterpiece, or the emancipation of a people, or a resurrection from the dead.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

MISCELLANY.

I SOMETIMES puzzle myself with the problem: What is it to be an Englishman? For one thing, to be an Englishman is to be a creature so tenacious of local customs that, as a government-committee on agricultural policy has pointed out recently, he uses twenty-five different local weights or measures in selling wheat. The rest of the world is content with the bushel. Of course the Englishman uses the bushel, too, but he has evolved twelve different kinds of bushels; various sections of the countryside and various classes of bulk-commodities—each with its own bushel. Then there is the hundredweight. It might be assumed that the Englishman could be trusted to leave the hundredweight alone. Not at all. As soon as the Englishman saw the convenience of the hundredweight he adopted it, but he made it 112 pounds instead of 100 pounds and, not content with that little idiosyncrasy, he has since evolved three different kinds of

hundredweights. He did the same with the gallon. When an Englishman says "gallon" he speaks in local accents only; he has eight different gallons.

NOR is that all. Taking the ordinary pound of British commerce, containing nominally sixteen ounces, John Bull has set up thirteen different pounds. He likes to estimate weight by the "stone," ordinarily equivalent to fourteen pounds, but he now has ten different "stones" to keep track of. He has nine different tons. Historically, of course, it is all very fascinating. The economist and the historian are both deeply interested in English weights and measures. But for the practical business world of to-day, it is a jungle, causing much misunderstanding, permitting some sharp practice, creating some litigation. But that's what it is to be an Englishman!

I MAY be wrong, but I am inclined to think that the subtlest thing in England is the national stupidity; or to put it more precisely, the national pride in their alleged stupidity. Only the other day, while I was loafing through a book written by an English "individualist" I came across this remark: "The Conservative party have always been the stupid party, and if they had been content to rest at that, their position in England would have been unassailable." Only a few weeks before, while reading young Walter Bagehot's letters from Paris during the *coup d'état* of 1851, I found the writer describing an Englishman's pleasure at re-discovering real English dullness after a season of French journalism: "The *Morning Herald*" he writes, "was a real enjoyment. There was no toil, no sharp theory, no pointed expression, no fatiguing brilliance, 'no nothing' but a dull, creeping satisfactory sensation that now, at least, there was nothing to admire. . . . Pure refreshment in coming across what might possibly be latent sense, but was certainly superficial stupidity."

BUT are the English really what they pretend to be? A journalist friend of mine, a keen, nervous observer, assures me earnestly that the seven seas and the various continents are strewn with the white bones of those misguided ones who, relying upon the myth of English stupidity, have endeavoured unsuccessfully to take something from them. Dullness such as theirs, my friend regards as a national triumph, a masterpiece of racial dissimulation, in its higher forms, I suppose, approaching cosmic deceit. Speaking for myself, I can never make up my mind. I collect data industriously. The other day I raised the point in conversation with an American business man who knows the English scene like a book. He implored me fervently to "take no stock in this notion that the English are slow." He described to me, with some bitterness I thought, the jungle of customs, entanglements and laws which passes for business in England. "If you take an Englishman out to lunch," he continued, "to talk over a business deal, you've got to take a lawyer along or you'll get stung! This is the difference between the two countries: an Englishman likes to look stupid and then 'do' you. An American likes to look shrewd and then hand you out a simple, clean-cut fifty-fifty proposition. That's the difference. Believe me, there are a lot of American salesmen over there who ought to be back home selling New York, or Chicago, or Kansas City; they are hopelessly outclassed in London or Manchester or Birmingham."

IT is all very confusing. Take that unfortunate business about the Pilgrim Fathers. I remember as a boy reading a passage in Matthew Arnold somewhere, in which he comments ironically on the sort of figures Virgil and Shakespeare would have cut if they had been on board the Mayflower. He implied that they would not have enjoyed themselves at all. I remember it annoyed me deeply at the time; I could not see why Virgil and Shakespeare would not have been proud to sail to America on the Mayflower. But I think I see it now. This bright continent which we call our country would

have been a severe environment for that particular pair. But when I get this far in my train of thought, suspicion begins to dawn. In expelling from their corporate life those redoubtable Puritans, in tumbling them forth upon our shores, were the English—I wish they would be frank and honest with us on this point—were they, in their dull way, putting one over on us? Let us recall the facts. First the English planted the Puritans on our shores, and then they began straightway to badger them to madness—really a most senseless proceeding—until in desperation the colonists cut the painter and sailed away from England for ever, and Old England, I suspect, breathed a sigh of relief, and went muddling on her way. Was that some of her characteristic stupidity? I wonder.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE RETURN OF ENOCH ARDEN.

THE legitimate connexion between showmanship and ambitious theatrical management, between Barnum and Booth, is well illustrated in the recent production in New York of "A Bill of Divorcement," the drama by Miss Clemence Dane which was so enthusiastically received in London last season. Here is a play which, in order to get its story under way, has to suppose a radical change in the English divorce-law, but it is not an argument for or against that law. It is a tense, poignant, tragic tale. In this country neither existing law nor public opinion—in general—stands in the way of divorce when husband or wife is hopelessly insane, so that the drama could have been acted in America without any reference whatever to a change in the statutes, and have been just as tense, poignant, and tragic a story. It was the part of showmanship to see to it that the American public was made aware of this fact, and was led in advance to look upon the play as an understandable and universal story. Instead, the management has allowed the impression to get about that here was a drama concerned with the English divorce-laws, and hence insular and of slight interest to us. Mr. Barnum would never have made such a clumsy mistake.

The play shows us an English home fifteen years after the great war, and a year after the supposed passage of the new divorce-law. Margaret Fairfield, a war-bride at seventeen, had seen her husband go hopelessly insane from shell-shock, and for fifteen years confined in an asylum. At thirty-five, she is still vital and beautiful, and in spite of the pious protests of a quite terrible old aunt and a ridiculous rector, has at last gotten her divorce and is about to remarry, this time a man she deeply loves, and life once more opens out for her fulfilment. With her dwells the new generation in the person of an extremely self-assured daughter of seventeen, named Sydney, who, in turn, is to marry the rector's son.

This exposition of the story is, on the stage, sketched in with swift, natural strokes that themselves are alive with on-coming drama. The drama comes with the arrival of the first husband, who has suddenly and rather miraculously regained his sanity. It is Enoch Arden come back, but a poor, broken, twitching Enoch Arden, with a gap of fifteen years in his memory as well as a vast hunger in his heart. He, of course, knows nothing of the new law, nothing of his wife's divorce, nothing of her new love. Not only is this broken figure pathetic, not only is the perplexed wife, torn between a horrified tenderness and her new dreams, pathetic, but above all pathetic is the daughter, who learns that her father's insanity was merely brought on by the shell-shock, being a heritage of his

family—and so, perhaps, a heritage of her own! It is, indeed, the sacrifice of her lover for what she feels his own good, and also so that her mother may go to a belated fulfilment and she herself can remain to care for the broken father, which forms the most moving episodes of the play.

One sometimes hears the question, What has become of Ibsen nowadays? One feels, watching this drama, that the question is answered. He is here. The swift exposition which advances as it explains, the sense that here is the culminating moment of a long-gathering storm, the hurt writhings of human souls under the heel of fate, the stark economy of the dialogue, the sharp characterization, the sharper contrasts, the pervasive, saturating atmosphere of emotion at high pitch, all are here. Miss Clemence Dane, hitherto, we believe, known only as a novelist, has shown extraordinary aptitude for the stage, and for the stage at its highest emotional potential.

We are indebted for this American production to Mr. Alan Pollock, who brought the play over and himself returns to our stage after seven years in the English army and English hospitals, as the husband. We knew him before the war as an expert and delightful comedian, who now and then showed flashes of sterner metal. Here he shows himself so versatile an artist that he gives heart-breaking life to the woe-begone, shattered, hungry wreck of a man who is the returned husband. Miss Katherine Cornell, as the daughter, is also extraordinarily moving in a part which, to be sure, is itself so moving that failure in it would be next to impossible. Many complaints have been voiced this season that our stage is headed for perdition. But, after all, one such play as "A Bill of Divorcement" in the theatre is enough to hearten us. To be deeply moved by a fine drama—how often is that your portion in the best of seasons?

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

SIRS: How can anyone, even those who merely read the headlines in the daily press, fail to see the cat's head working its way out of the bag in regard to this famous Washington conference? First it was called "Disarmament Conference"; then, "Conference on Limitation of Armaments"; then, merely "Arms Conference" (which of course might mean anything). Now comes the timid entering wedge of "Financial Discussion."

At the last, the whole thing will be merely an expensive bit of propaganda to prepare the American public for the cancelling or "refunding" of the Allied debts so that France may have the means to keep up her big land-army and England the money to pay for her huge navy.

Still, a bit of damage has been done to the great god Mars. The thought, or at least the word "disarmament," has become a fashionable fad and plaything; and many a good thought—and also many a bad thought—becomes firmly rooted in the public mind by that process, then why not this one? Therefore, let us not quite despair. I am, etc.,

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

THE NON-COÖPERATION MOVEMENT.

SIRS: A letter signed Rustom Rustomjee, in the *Freeman* of 7 September, has been called to our attention. It was written in contradiction of what Mr. Basanta K. Roy had written in your issue of 10 August on Mahatma Gandhi and the Non-coöperation Movement in India. The undersigned, all natives of India, who have been in that country recently (two of us since the Gandhi movement was launched), can testify to the essential truth of Mr. Roy's article.

Rightly to comprehend the present situation in India, it must be borne in mind that Gandhi is opposing to the violence that England knows so well how to use, a weapon that she can neither use nor meet—the weapon of passive non-coöperation without violence. Force loses all its power

when it meets with no resistance. Hate knows not what to do when it is met with love, and as Gandhi has always said, "We must love the English, and not harm a hair of their heads." Gandhi is arming his followers with these ideas, and since ideas must be opposed by ideas, English propagandists are now pouring out a flood of material which is inimical to the best interests of our country, and of which Mr. Rustomjee's letter is a fair sample. It is hoped thus to destroy the non-coöperation movement for the freedom of India. We believe, however, that truth will prove triumphant in the end, though we feel that it is necessary to warn our American friends whose good opinion is so much desired, that methods of propaganda are being used in this country by agents of the British Government that are wholly unfair to India and to those who are honestly striving for the independence of their country.

If independence is achieved in India by non-violent means, the whole world will be in debt to Gandhi and to India. It is reported on the best authority that somewhere in the neighbourhood of eighty per cent of the Indian people are with Gandhi. In the light of this fact we feel that it is important that the people of America should fully understand the importance of the non-coöperation movement. It can not be denied that it is the most important step in the direction of universal peace that has been made in our time. We are, etc.,

New York City.

MANECK K. CANINA.
HARIDAS MUZUMDAR.
H. G. GOVIL.

ANTI-CATHOLIC PROPAGANDA.

SIRS: Judging from his paper in your issue of 15 September, Mr. St. J. Ervine seems to be acquiring some of the elements of Irish citizenship. One factor in his education which he does not properly appreciate, however, is the readiness of Irish Catholics to follow Protestant leaders who are true to Ireland. Charles Stewart Parnell, the Protestant aristocrat of English ancestry, may or may not have been a greater leader than Michael Davitt, the Catholic peasant of Mayo, but the question is, would the Ervines of Belfast have followed a Davitt on the hard road to freedom? That is the problem that always confronts the Irish people in the choice of a leader. The Protestants of Ireland have to be educated in the elements of citizenship and the Catholics choose Protestant leaders in order to help educate them. Moreover, this choice of Protestant leaders has another object; it meets and refutes the stale old calumny of the Junkers, that Home Rule is Home Rule—a calumny originated by the Greenwoods and Northcliffes of Tudor and Cromwellian days, that still has to be met and refuted in the United States too. There can be no Catholic President of the United States, not because no Catholic is fit for the job, not because the American people are bigots, but because the same propaganda against Ireland that is maintained in Belfast is maintained for the same purpose and by the same propagandists here in the United States. Anti-Catholic propaganda by the Junkers of England is always anti-Irish and if the Irish people were all Jews or Methodists or Baptists, the English Junkers would maintain a propaganda here against those denominations merely to alienate American sympathy from Irish aspirations. The Tories of England are anti-Semite now just because there are so many Jewish millionaires in possession of the "Stately Homes of England." Automatically their latest "American" dupes and tools, the Ku Klux Klan, are anti-Semitic also. This fact ought to open the eyes of the American people so that they may see the wily hand that pulls the strings that make Craig and Carson dance in Belfast and Watson and Simmons dance in Georgia. This is what Galloper Smith (Lord Birkenhead) calls "using the Methodist machine" against Sinn Féin.

To the English Junker mind "anti-Irish" and "anti-Catholic" mean the same thing, merely because most of the Irish people are Catholics. Edmund Burke testifies that such was the case in his day too, and that the motive for the barbarous system of Penal Laws against Irish Catholics was not at all religious but partly nationalistic, partly economic and partly the ingrained cruelty of Junkerism. I am, etc.,

P. A. FORDE.

SECRET COVENANTS, SECRETLY ARRIVED AT.

SIRS: Your readers will perhaps be interested to see the conclusion of the correspondence (the beginning of which you published in your issue of 12 October) between the Association to Abolish War and the authorities in Washington concerning the purpose for which our Government spends so much of the taxpayers' money upon the army and navy. Fol-

lowing our unsatisfactory correspondence with the Secretary of State the following letter was sent to the President:

Sir: The Association to Abolish War, of which I am President, instructed me at our meeting yesterday to write to you, asking you . . . kindly to tell us, whether we are not justified in expecting a quite distinct statement of the policy of our Government as to its use of its immense armed force? Our Association has the single purpose of helping to form a public opinion which will enable the nations, as you have well said, to 'outlaw war.' We hold that the greatest service that the United States can render in this momentous enterprise is to do ourselves what we wish the other nations to do. To this end the American people need just such information as we are seeking. What does our Government mean to do with that item of military and naval expense to which (except war debts) we devote by far the largest part of our national income? We believe, in view of the approaching Disarmament Conference, that a plain reply to the questions which we addressed last July to the Department of State, and which we now earnestly put to you as the Head of the nation would show every one to what point we must direct the pressure of public opinion, in order that the conference may not fail of its purpose. We want to know whether the United States stands among the nations of the world with the Imperialist, intent to wield power for her own interests, as all the Great Powers did before the war, or, shall we take a new departure as a friendly nation, devoted in our international relations to the common humane interests of all peoples?

In reply to the foregoing I have just received the following note:

Sir: Replying to your communication of 21 October, I wish to say that the President does not think it would be in the public interest for him to deal with the hypothetical questions submitted by you. Sincerely yours,
 GEO. B. CHRISTIAN, JUN.,
 Secretary to the President.

How can we interpret this answer from the President's office in any other way than that the President is unwilling to let the people know what his policy is, if he has any; and that he does contemplate possible war over just such preposterous imperialist questions—about oil and concessions and national "honour" and "paramountcy," and meddlesome enterprises to compel others to yield to us more than we will yield to them—such as have always made wars? How can we have any considerable relief from the burden of militarism, so long as our Government will not tell us what we keep our armaments for?

General Bliss has warned the members of the Christian Church of America that the issues of peace and war are in their hands. I fear that they have a tremendous task before them if they try to bring any effective urgency upon our Government to make its policy in international relations at all worthy of the friendly and humane ideals of a genuine religion, or of an honestly democratic people. I am, etc.,
 Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. CHARLES F. DOLE.

AND NOW "PROJECTION"!

Sirs: I observe that Professor Stewart Paton has the following to say about the *Freeman* in his article on "The Psychology of the Radical" in the current number of the *Yale Review*:

Here is another example of a similar primitive attitude. The editor of the *Freeman* has recently made an appeal . . . for 'tough-minded readers' who indulge in 'fundamental thinking.' . . . 'fundamental thinking' is the kind of thinking characteristic of primitive people, or of civilized man after . . . the recently acquired . . . intellectual processes have been held in check by the domination of older and more fundamental reactions. We find abundant evidence of 'fundamental thinking' in cases of shell-shock, nervous breakdown, and dementia praecox.

But what does Dr. Paton mean by "fundamental"?

Most of the radical systems of reform [says Dr. Paton] do not express the constructive forces in the personality, but try to supply some form of compensation for people who have never definitely experienced the stabilizing sense of achievement.

But, again, that depends on what Dr. Paton means by "radical"?

The revolutionist [to quote Dr. Paton once more] quickly learns to hate people who face reality since they remind him of the difficulties from which he has tried to escape. The intense hatred of the radical socialist for what he calls the *capitalist* class is a projection of the self-hatred he has for his own failure to govern himself.

But what does "reality" mean in Dr. Paton's bright lexicon?

According to Dr. Paton the salvaging of civilization is to come about through an improvement of the mental processes. Everybody is to be treated to (I had almost written, with) the "stabilizing sense of achievement." There is to be a readiness to accept the world as it is, and a willingness to do what is possible to improve existing conditions; which shows that there is little danger of Dr. Paton being fundamental.

In connexion with the above may I quote from a review in a recent issue of *Plebs* of Kolnai's "Psycho-analysis and

Sociology" which contains a chapter on "Marxism as a Social Psychosis."

. . . the effective factor [says the reviewer] in social development is that which initiates a new shuffle in the same stock-in-trade of mental tendencies. Marxism is concerned with the dynamics of social development, social psychology with statics. These two tendencies, teleology (belief in a conscious intention behind phenomena) and libertarianism (belief in free will) are identified by Ferenczi and others as, respectively, regression to the magical or animistic stage of childhood . . . and a still earlier phase in which the mind is not conscious of any inhibiting stimuli and enjoys the sense of omnipotence. Hostility to determinism in general and to Marxism in particular is the *projection* of the conflict between the infantile omnipotence fantasy and the partial recognition of inflexible order in the outer world on the part of the adult mind. In popular parlance it is 'growing pains.' . . . No doubt the psychologists will one day explain why Darwin was led to examine the evidence for a common ancestry of organisms, and correlate this with the mental processes of children, savages and lunatics; but . . .

I am constrained to ask whether the day is here when, to condemn something, all we need to say, is, "Well, you know, that's 'a projection'?" I am, etc.,
 Chicago, Illinois.

GEORGE MAURER.

BOOKS.

A PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

"I LIKE a cowl," sang Emerson in a moment of æsthetic expansiveness—perhaps in a mood of Anglo-Saxon idealization of the remote and unfamiliar. Would he, later on, have more thoroughly run counter to his blood and his tradition by extending his liking from the monk's brown hood to the cardinal's red robe? The biography of a "prince of the church"—English at that—is almost predestined to get but cool acceptance and limited sympathy from the English-speaking world. If, in addition, its subject has broken with the church of his birth and given adherence to a faith alien to his early associates, he may expect to face the disaffection of those whom he has forsaken, and even to receive but a measured welcome from those whom he has joined.

Cardinal Manning has not been happy in his biographers. The life by Purcell, that "member of the Roman Academy of Letters," has been characterized as a "bold act of biographical brigandage": a milder judgment taxes it with many misleading inferences and grave faults of taste. Even an alien and a Protestant, Pressensé the younger, scores Purcell's "systematic malevolence" and his "insinuations" and declaims against the "discredit and shame" occasioned "by his narratives, his judgments, his accusations, and even by his praises." Perhaps all this is an over-emphatic way of expressing a sense, on the part of the impassioned layman, that candour has replaced convention in the writing of ecclesiastical biography, and that the reaction against "edification" tends to promote an excited quest for minor contention and general pettiness.

A like method has been applied, with more dexterity and with a finished malice, by Mr. Lytton Strachey in his "Eminent Victorians." After the English Catholic, the English Protestant. Both, perhaps, represent—whether consciously, unconsciously or sub-consciously—the British approach towards what, after all, is racially alien. Mr. Strachey's attitude, struck so recently, is well-known. Purcell, writing in 1896, neither fully authorized nor fully documented, and leaving the editorship of an unsuccessful Ultramontane periodical to contribute, by his own statement, to "non-Catholic papers," prompts Mr. Shane Leslie, latest of the Cardinal's biographers,¹ to opine that this earlier Life "was written presumably for the same public." In any event, little space will be left for high motives when so much is given to lower ones, nor enough for things authentic when so much is bestowed

¹ "Henry Edward Manning: His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$7.50.

on gossip, conjecture and hearsay. One almost feels the need of catching at a few blunt words from the late Mr. Stead's rough-and-ready defence of Manning: "The vulgar charge that his change of faith was prompted by ambition is absurd." Indeed, Manning's shift from the Church of England to the Church in England was a slow matter of years—a change as gradual as that from darkness to dawn, or from afternoon to dusk. Like Disraeli, he represented "a picturesque but foreign element in English public life," and as such was certain to be misjudged.

An impulsive reader of Mr. Leslie's volume might be moved to exclaim: "Too late to hand; too heavy to hold; too hard to read!" But each of these declarations would demand considerable shading. Though this new Life comes almost thirty years after Manning's death, it profits by much correspondence that was out of Purcell's reach; besides, being not only a biography but the history of a period and a society, it benefits by a standpoint remote enough to provide a good perspective and to escape from partisan passion. Though unduly bulky, this one volume of five hundred pages is light compared with the two 700-page volumes of Purcell. And if it is, in several of its chapters, rather difficult reading, there is everywhere a conscientious concern for the actual facts, old and new, and for a fair attribution of motives. Perhaps the facts are too crowded, the materials too plentiful: one often feels as if one were elbowing one's way through a thicket. Certainly, to turn from Mr. Leslie to Mr. Strachey is to leave a somewhat rough, fuzzy, honest tweed or cheviot for a smooth, lustrous, insidious silk. But Mr. Strachey is first an artist; selection and compression are his: the aim is towards a unified effect, whether magnanimity be present or not. Mr. Leslie is a rather laborious collector and chronicler, in the large, persistent, industrious fashion of a University scholar; he stands for the actual facts and the full, just exposition of them. Yet certain of his chapters, notably the one on "The Wars of Westminster," must make a peculiar impression on the normal Britisher. Whenever did so many bishops, archbishops, provosts, monsignors and cardinals tussle (through the mails) in such a complex ecclesiastical intrigue, and write so many notes and letters and memoranda marked "private," "secret," and "confidential"! The normal Britisher, one imagines, is likely to throw down the book, thrust out his arms, get on his legs, and run to the nearest horse-race or cricket-match, where thousands of his simple sort are functioning with unanimity in the great sanitated out-of-doors.

Mr. Leslie has certain advantages: not too much knowledge of the Tractarian movement, not too great a familiarity with the controversies, shibboleths and personalities of the middle-nineteenth century, and a definitely untheological mind. He stands off; he is calm and cool; he sees things steadily and appears to see them whole—or at least in their large relations and more general bearings.

Yet, with all his employment of new matter, our author seems, much of the time, to be embroidering on a fabric already established and assured. Doubtless the Oxford Movement, which began in 1833, when "Froude succeeded in impregnating Newman with the ideas of Keble," requires little further exposition, and indeed Manning held aloof from it; but the "Gorham affair," of 1850, which was the more immediate occasion of his going over to Rome, would seem to require a more extended treatment—and a more serious tone—than is here accorded it. Mr. Leslie's account of the

essential situation is set forth in these few lines:

As a witty Frenchman wrote, the revolution reached England in the form of *le père Gorham*! Gorham was a well-read botanist, who was presented to a living in the Diocese of 'Henry of Exeter,' who declined to institute him as a heretic. Gorham rejected the Grace at Baptism, which did not occur to him to be as necessary to infant souls as dew to the flowers of the field. To the violent distress of the High Churchmen, he wisely put his trust in Princes and appealed successfully to the temporal power against his Bishop.

The case went first to the Court of Arches (ecclesiastical), which decided against Gorham. His appeal was to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—laymen and lawyers, all appointed by the Crown. Here he was supported. It became apparent that the Royal Supremacy was not a temporary usurpation, but that what prevailed in the days of Henry and Elizabeth still held in the day of Victoria. Manning had a final view of the Established Church (speaking after Mr. Strachey) as a mere outcome of revolution and compromise, of the exigencies of politicians and the caprices of princes, of the prejudices of theologians and the necessities of the State. It must have been easy, as well, to perceive a gentlemanly lack of fervour and zeal among the prelates of the Establishment; and he must have felt later, in days devoted to social amelioration, the dead weight of a cool, calm, well-regulated scheme according to which the lowly might attain salvation under the patronage of social superiors. To his sense the spiritual domain of the Church was seriously compromised, and he stepped out.

The next important crisis in Manning's advancing career is treated by Mr. Leslie more spaciouly. Who should succeed the ailing Wiseman at Westminster? Dr. Errington, one of the more dour of the "old Catholics," had the promise of the place; but wires were pulled in London and trips were made to Rome, and Errington was finally edged out. Manning was in close touch with Mgr. Talbot at the Vatican, who in turn was at the elbow of the Pope. There was a quick triple play—Manning to Talbot to Pius—and Errington was "out" indeed. They offered him Trinidad and Edinburgh and other distant berths; but the hapless fellow ended as a parish priest in the Isle of Man. These manoeuvres took place in 1860. Manning became Archbishop of Westminster in 1865. Ten years later he was a cardinal. Only his aggressive leadership in the Council of 1870 postponed his triumph: "the feelings of cardinals, patriarchs and old-fashioned bishops may be imagined," says Leslie, "as an English ex-archdeacon took a relentless lead."

The relations between Manning and Newman, as put piquantly and effectively by Mr. Strachey, can stand, as many readers must have thought, some shading. "For twenty years, he [Manning] had been unable to escape the unwelcome iterations of that singular, that alien, that rival renown"; and it is easy to believe, if one happens to have a certain slant of mind, that when Newman, in his last years, delayed and hesitated over the offer of a cardinalate, Manning should have expedited matters by reporting his refusal to Rome. Hence Mr. Strachey's vision of the eagle and the dove: there was a hovering, a swoop, and the quick beak and relentless talons did their work. Perhaps a bird of prey was hardly necessary in England. It was inevitable that the ethereal and other-worldly Newman should have his difficulties among the hard-headed and hard-eyed cardinals of the Roman *Curia*, those directing heads of ecclesiastical business and policy and the real repositories of ecclesiastical power. He had long been a problem to them. They were bent on administration and not on *recueillement*; still less did they

ask for "ideas"; and they inclined to look askance at one who might "almost be said to have an independent mind." There was a delay of six months, and only the representations of the Duke of Norfolk, England's premier Catholic, finally secured Newman his hat. Thus Mr. Strachey. Now Mr. Leslie. In 1875, Manning had sent a spirited defence of one of Newman's pamphlets to Rome. With the election of Leo XIII, in 1878, he recorded in a note: "When the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Ripon asked me to lay before the Holy See their desire that Newman should be made Cardinal, I alone undertook to do so." He wrote to Rome further: "The veneration for his powers, his learning and his life of singular piety and integrity is almost as deeply felt by the non-Catholic population of this country as by the members of the Catholic Church. . . ." Three weeks after his letter was received the affair was arranged, and in February, 1879, Manning was able to advise Newman that he was close to the door of the Sacred College. Newman, wishing to be a Cardinal but fearing that it involved residence in Rome, begged, in view of "diffidence of mind," "ignorance of foreign languages," and "lack of experience in business," to be allowed to die where he had lived so long. "Then occurred a singular mistake," says Mr. Leslie. "Like most matter-of-fact persons," he continues airily, "Manning construed this into a natural refusal. . . . Meanwhile the *Times* announced, as a matter of common report, that Newman had declined the purple." But why the *Times*? asked the other side. Who but Manning could have supplied the information; and why, at such a juncture, should he have done so? Mr. Leslie quotes Manning further in his own defence: the reader may choose between the two biographers.

Some contrasts between Manning and Newman, though presented fragmentarily will illustrate Mr. Leslie's better manner:

All comparisons are in vain. It is not sufficient to be told that Newman was the Platonist and dreamy master-mind, while Manning was the Aristotelian and practical master-man, or that they conflicted because one was subjective and the other objective. . . . It was, perhaps, true to say that Manning was most formidable as an enemy, while Newman was most damaging as a friend. . . . Where Newman loved to awake in men's minds a slight suspicion that Catholicism might be true, Manning prepared to overwhelm with sonorous phrase and magnificent emphasis. . . . Manning was content that the Church in England should fly Newman's pennon from the masthead while he continued to hold the tiller.

The later chapters of the book carry us into different days—those of social amelioration. In an earlier period Manning's efforts at betterment kept well within the Catholic fold: he secured Catholic chaplains for the army in the Crimea; he laboured to institute reformatories for Catholic children; he strove to rescue the Catholic youth from Protestant instruction in the workhouses. For twenty-five years his Pastorals—with the form of a letter, the subject of a sermon, and the authority of a proclamation—were a stimulant and a standard to Catholic London. But with the early '80's the atmosphere alters and the field widens. The social conscience stirs. "If I were an Irish hodman," he once said, "I should be a drunkard." Again: "If I were not a priest, I should have been a demagogue." As Mr. Stead declared, he became his own Pope in England. But he soon spread beyond such limits. In the chapter on "The Coming of Democracy" the American Cardinals come to the fore; the familiar names of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn sprinkle many pages; and the Knights of Labour march into English politics. The American Cardinals appealed to Man-

ning for aid on the "labour-question" and the "social question." Manning rallied to the support of "Gibbons and his Knights" and exerted himself with the Papal authorities to prevent "Progress and Poverty" from being put on the "Index." Manning early favoured the strike and the trade union. In 1889 he, almost alone, settled the London Dock Strike, the most serious upheaval of the kind to date. In his views and actions, he was far ahead of the prelates of his time—and most of the statesmen. He was a Home Ruler before Gladstone. He sounded the alarm over Prussia while British politicians saw nothing to fear. Says Mr. Leslie on a final page:

His apparent socialism led him into the policy by which the Church has since struggled to win and influence labour. As his democratic policy has proved the only safeguard against the developments of Bolshevism, so his Irish views, if they had been adopted when they were expressed, would have prevented the British Empire being divided on the Irish rock, and his attempts to initiate union and understanding between the hierarchies of England, Ireland, and the United States would have supplied that corner-stone without which there can never be peace or trust in the English-speaking world. . . . No doubt the middle classes in England and the governing oligarchies rejected him both in religion and politics, but his funeral showed that it was upon the working classes that he chiefly made his impression.

The volume has half-a-dozen portrait-plates of Manning, varying from infancy to extreme old age. The index is reduced to a minimum.

HENRY B. FULLER.

THE FOUNDING GODFATHERS.

MR. GUSTAVUS MYERS, who likes to delve into odd sources, has produced an instructive little volume¹ on the origins of the traditional American custom of making a nuisance of oneself by restricting the liberty of one's fellow-citizens. The original colonies, so far as their domestic regulations were concerned, were ruled largely by theocracies, which, save in the case of Pennsylvania and to some extent Delaware, exercised a meddlesome tyranny which would scarcely have been endured by any people with an instinct for liberty. The clergymen and their attendant boards of vestrymen dictated to the lawmakers. In many cases, they saw to it that laws were passed making it a criminal offence even to criticize them. They were Luskens *de luxe*. The stocks, the pillory, the ducking-stool and the cat-o'-nine-tails were the symbols of their sadistic rule.

These founding godfathers had a perverted passion for repression seldom if ever equalled in the world's history. Dancing, singing and playing on musical instruments were anathema to them and were rated as criminal activities. Puritan lawmakers put tobacco under the ban a few years after the Mayflower landed. Smoking was prohibited in barns, fields and forests, and in public places generally, yet the law was so worded that the well-to-do colonists enjoyed the weed virtually without restraint, while masters were empowered to take from the wages of workmen and servants who smoked, and to turn over to the courts a fine of two shillings and sixpence for each offence. The frequent laws against brilliant raiment likewise had a class-basis, for they bore particularly hard against "people of mean condition." The hierarchy crusaded lustily against the normal pleasures and pastimes of youth, and doubtless their stern repressions bore a rich crop of abnormalities. Youths of sixteen or over could be put to death in Massachusetts for "cursing or smiting their natural father or mother," or even for continued disobedience to the will of their parents. In their zeal the ferreting godfathers even tried to root out such innocent things as afternoon-teas, and it became an offence against the law to sell buns.

The Sabbath, which took a running start in some of

¹ "Ye Olden Blue Laws." Gustavus Myers. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

the colonies early on Saturday afternoon, was legally made into a period of torturing boredom, during which breathing, dressing, eating and church-going were virtually the only permissible activities. Church attendance was compulsory, under penalty of a considerable fine or imprisonment. Incidentally, when the hierarchy compelled attendance at public worship, they meant their own particular brand of worship, and Quakers and other unorthodox persons in Massachusetts were obliged to attend the church as by law established or go to jail. Even the taking of walks on the Sabbath was punishable. All kinds of labour were strictly forbidden, and Mr. Myers gives an instance of a woman who was fined for doing her belated washing on Sunday and another of a farmer penalized for gathering up some seaweed for manure.

It was a common rule to limit civil rights only to members of the established church. In the colony of Massachusetts for a long period Quakers were branded as outlaws, and any who were detected in the colony were "beaten through three towns," while priests of the Roman Catholic persuasion who were caught a second time within Puritan jurisdiction were ordered to be put to death.

Mr. Myers's long tally of blue laws gives us an amazing glimpse of a society bedevilled into stark madness under the terrorism of chartered meddlers. No wonder the people took to burning witches as a relief. It seems remarkable that a sufficient number of sane young people did not band together to destroy the settlements, kill every one beyond twenty and start all over again.

It is refreshing to note that with the coming of the Revolution the people of the various colonies kicked themselves free of the bondage of clerical intolerance. Indeed, so strong a feeling arose against the founding god-fathers that for several years thereafter most of the colonies denied clergymen the right to hold any public office. The distinct tory (or should one now say loyalist?) trend of the clerical mind doubtless contributed towards this reaction, but in the main it was an honest resentment against clerical tyranny.

Mr. Myers's book affords a splendid contrast to some of the sentimental mendacities emitted at the recent Pilgrim celebrations.

T. McN.

TUDOR DYNASTS.

Is history a science or an art, a mere chronicle of events or a running commentary upon them? Such questions do not seem to have disturbed Mr. Einstein while he was writing his volume on "Tudor Ideals." In fact, he evades the whole problem by the simple process of substituting for critical thinking an innumerable array of head-lines. The book is written, however, in a scholarly style; and although it does not throw much new light on the subject under discussion, it yet contains some reflections that are not devoid of interest—and incidentally some amusing quotations.

The somewhat ambiguous antecedents of King Henry VII are neatly referred to thus: "The nation," says Mr. Einstein; "being left undisturbed by the knowledge that his grandfather had been butler to a bishop and all the royal blood in his veins flowed from illicit connexions." Henry, by nature a man of reserve, made no effort to justify his claim to the crown, and the House of Commons, with a reticence as wise as it was discreet, merely passed a statute "that the crown of England should rest and abide on King Henry and his heirs for ever more."

It is a curious fact to consider that it fell to the lot of this royal house, whose origin was so dubious, to enjoy more despotic and unfettered rule than any other line of sovereigns that has ruled in England before or since. The Tudors appeared in a fortunate hour for their own purposes. After the vicissitudes of the fifteenth century, the mass of the people were in a mood to support any rule that gave promise of a stable administration of law and order, and from the first the Tudors were shrewd enough to realize that their safety lay in satisfying this

general desire. With their appearance, the epoch of castle rule came to an end, and throughout the countryside of England a new type of residence sprang up designed to meet the requirements of an era of peace. To this period may be traced the rise of the landed gentry who established the life of the English counties as we know them to-day with their squires and peasantry.

Henry VII, refined, cold-hearted and sagacious, did all he could to disguise his drastic policy, leaving it to his son, a man of very different kidney, to enjoy the fruits of his subtle scheming. Henry VIII, though never altogether losing the popularity that naturally belonged to his robust and monstrous character, did not hesitate to gratify the natural waywardness of his temper. Mr. Einstein gives a list of the mighty who "fell from grace" within the space of twenty years. The list includes two Queens, three Cardinals, three Dukes, one Marquess, two Earls, two Countesses and nearly a dozen peers. After reviewing such an array, the greater number of whom actually sacrificed their heads as well as their fortunes to the King's displeasure, one is not surprised to know that Henry declared on one occasion "that he had a *misérable people to govern* whom he would speedily so impoverish that they would not dare to raise their heads against him." His idea of England was evidently that of a vast estate with which he was able to do as he pleased.

The attitude of Henry's daughter Elizabeth, though modified to some degree by her own personal deference to old usages, was identical with Henry's. "By God, I will unfrock you," she told the Bishop of Ely, when that prelate showed signs of insubordination. Yet like her father she also won her way into the hearts of her people. With an unflinching political tact she made continual progresses through the country, taking part in the various pageants, sleeping in the houses of her newly created aristocracy, and in every way endearing herself to her subjects. Few crowned heads in any country have inspired more passionate loyalty. Mr. Einstein quotes once again the story of John Stubbs who, when his right hand was cut off for having petitioned against the royal marriage, raised his hat with his left and shouted, "God save the Queen."

The book contains a good chapter on the ill effects of Tudor despotism on court life. Bacon, it appears, was not above applying his wisdom to the fascinating subject of royal psychology, for in a letter to Essex he suggests that that nobleman "should treat the Queen with obsequiousness, avoiding military fame, certain to arouse umbrage, and take up projects which could be abandoned seemingly in deference to her wishes."

It would be unfair to deny a certain value to "Tudor Ideals," though one suspects that it is hardly likely to be selected by exacting students for assistance in their historical researches. It is too rambling and contradictory a volume for such a purpose, bewildering the mind with its vast accumulation of material loosely put together.

LEWELYN POWYS.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.

The first volume of the "Antología Americana" marks the inauguration of one of the most ambitious of latter-day anthologies. This new literary enterprise is to be completed in twenty volumes and will present, by illustrative and annotated selections, the cultural history of Spanish America from the days of revolt and independence to the heterogeneous modes of the present day. Coming, as it does, during the long season of centennial celebrations that are now being observed by the nations liberated through the efforts of Bolívar, San Martín, Sucre and their fellows, this anthology acquires something more than an exclusively literary significance. It is a species of continental self-affirmation, a recapitulation of one hundred years' intellectual effort that has produced men and works of far more than local importance—personalities and achievements that have

¹ "Tudor Ideals." Lewis Einstein. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

¹ "Antología Americana. Volumen I. Precursores." Selección y Prólogo de Alberto Ghiraldo. Madrid: Librería "Fernando Fé."

been neglected, forgotten and underestimated not only by North America and Europe, but often by South Americans themselves.

To be sure, there have been Spanish-American anthologies before this. The archives of all the nations have been ransacked, and collections have appeared from time to time; but, generally speaking, they have been slapped together by compilers more industrious than discriminating. Usually the notes that accompany these commercial anthologies are of distinctly minor value, and not infrequently the collector shamelessly beats the drum for his personal friends and will have nothing to do with his enemies—a primitive method of literary criticism not yet altogether extinct in these United States. In general, then, it may be said that the anthologies devoted to the separate nations of Spanish-America have hitherto fallen short of excellence, though there are a few creditable exceptions such as Señor Genaro Estrada's "Poetas Nuevos de Mexico" which is superior to the compilations of most of our own anthologists.

Señor Alberto Ghirardo, to whom has been entrusted the laborious task of the "Antología Americana," is well-known for his own versatile talent. He is a poet of social protest whose freedom of thought, however, seldom leads him to experiment with new forms. His plays, "Alma Gaucha" and "La Columna de Fuego," reveal him again as the social protestant, though as a playwright he does not fear to break away from the conventional stage forms.

Señor Ghirardo's plan for the "Antología Americana" includes such interesting selections as the following: the popular muse; writers of folk-traditions and customs (in Peru, particularly, the "tradition" has been developed by Ricardo Palma into a succinct art-form notable for brevity, colour, innuendo, picaresque wit, humour and anecdote); contemporary criticism; writings for children (in which one may look forward to finding a worthy representation of such child-lovers as the Colombian poet, Pombo, and the great-hearted Cuban, José Martí); the drama (which will doubtless contain a tribute to Florencio Sánchez who in his kaleidoscopic thirty-five years managed to produce some twenty plays and turn the drama of Uruguay and Argentina towards the realities of modern life); and lastly, contemporary prose and contemporary poetry.

Señor Ghirardo, like many other Spanish-American publicists, looks upon the Spain of the new world as spiritually linked to the Spain of the old. "The political emancipation of (Spanish) America," writes Señor Ghirardo, "constitutes a movement of the Spanish race transported across the Atlantic in a creative exodus that has benefited humanity." The Continental self-affirmation at the base of this new anthology, then, is not, in Señor Ghirardo's mind, inconsistent with that spiritual unity with Spain which has been so successfully expressed in "El Solar de la Raza," by the Argentine novelist, Señor Manuel Gálvez.

In this first volume of the anthology, dedicated to the precursors, appear speeches by Mariano Moreno (1778-1811), Simón Bolívar (1783-1830), José Camilo Torres (1776-1815), Damaso A. Larrañaga (1771-1848), and José Mejía Lequerica (1774-1813). The "Cuban Socrates," José de la Luz y Caballero (1800-1862), is represented by a collection of aphorisms; San Martín (1778-1850), whose abnegation left the field free to Bolívar in the final conflict with Spain, is represented by excerpts from his letters. Two other entries complete the selections: José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi (1774-1827) and Camilo Henríquez (1769-1824). Fernández de Lizardi taught his fellow Mexicans how to reach the people; he threw overboard the pseudo-classical academicism that was throttling the language, and went directly to the folk. For the presentation in this anthology of Henríquez's "La Camila o la patriota de Sud América," Señor Ghirardo is especially to be thanked. The compiler's biographical notes are admirably written and greatly increase the interest and value of the excerpts.

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.

THE late Admiral Mahan thought that America's fate as an "imperial democracy" was fixed. Old-fashioned Americans, like ex-Senator Hoar, rent their garments and lamented the inevitable. They saw or thought they saw the republic of their youth reeling down the way made broad and smooth by Octavianus and his august successors. In one respect, at least, they were right. There is danger in a Roman Empire ruled by a Chautauqua mind, fed on Christian pathos, jokes of questionable taste, and Barnum and Bailey conceit. Empire may be majestic, if the ruling mind measures to the task. If Americans will not think imperially, their British cousins are ever ready to help them.

Mr. Bywater's "Sea Power in the Pacific"¹ is an admirable contribution to our education. Chapter I shows how sea-power has now gravitated from the Atlantic to the Pacific, how France and Italy are out of the race, how the United States will equal Great Britain on the sea by 1924, how Japan spends more of her national revenue on the navy than does any other country, and how "the British peoples can not be indifferent spectators of an attempt on the part of any foreign Power to establish an absolute mastery of the Pacific Ocean." Of course not. If the United States waxes too strong, England must help Japan to redress the balance. A few Americans, who are not Irish, Germans, or Jews, know something about the balance of power and the history of England's compact with France and Russia.

Chapter II discusses the points in controversy between the United States and Japan. Immigration, racial honour, and Californian land-laws are mere incidents in the game. The real thing is the division of spoils in China. Japan wants the lion's share and means to have it. American capitalists are going to have their share too. So there you are. Nothing could be simpler and clearer.

Now to our muttons. Who has the better outfit for killing? Chapters III-VII give a careful catalogue of the ships and men and materials that are available for fighting over the spoils of China. Of course, the navy of the United States is and will be the stronger of the two. Still, according to Mr. Bywater, a war with Japan would be dangerous for the United States. Japan could readily seize the undefended Philippines and Guam and it would take an immense American force to dislodge the enemy. The operation, carried on so far from the home base, would be full of perils, costly in men and material, and slow in process. Nevertheless Japan would be wise not to risk the game, for the war would be immensely popular in the United States. Organized labour would be behind it to a man on account of the friction between labour and the Japanese in California. Then racial pride would flame up to heaven. What grand fuel for the next Committee on Public Information! Nothing would be said about China and the real purposes of the war. The propaganda would all be for the purity of our race and the preservation of the American standard of living. In the end the United States would win, because American pluck and skill would not be daunted until the Philippines and Guam were recovered and the Japanese navy sent to the bottom of the sea, if it took fifty years to do the job. So Mr. Bywater is of the opinion that Japan had better watch out.

But there is another factor to be reckoned with. Mr. Bywater tells us on page 307 that England would not help Japan in case of a war with the United States. Authors are free agents. But what does he mean when he says on page twenty-eight that the British peoples can not be indifferent to the attempt of any other Power to master the Pacific? A war between the United States and Japan would end in an American triumph—American mastery of the Pacific. The British could not be indifferent. Very well. What would the British do? Perhaps the affair would be so costly to the United States in ships and men that the British would not feel com-

¹ "Sea Power in the Pacific." Hector C. Bywater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

pelled to do anything. We may be sure that their statesmanship is equal to any emergency.

America also seems to be stirring restlessly. Two professors at the Naval Academy, Messrs. Herman F. Krafft and Walter B. Norris, have written a book on "Sea Power in American History"—the first of its kind in our historical literature. Here we are told about the rôle of the navy in all of our wars from the Revolution down to the recent clash with the German Empire. The story is not for technical seamen but for citizens who ought to supplement their history of the United States by a special study of the navy's work in our country's armed conflicts. The authors hope also that their book will lead young midshipmen to take a broader and more philosophic view of their heroic enterprise. By way of stimulating youthful imagination, the tales of naval battles are interspersed by character-sketches of bold seamen like Jones, Porter, Decatur, and Farragut. Here is a book, therefore, that provides eminently patriotic reading for high school and college students in connexion with their course in general American history. It brings home a fact too often neglected, namely: that in every American war, except that with Mexico, the navy no less than the army has borne its full share of the burden of the day.

Our authors do not venture into the future. Neither do they inquire into the forces that lie behind the seapower. Their rhetoric is conventional and their philosophy well fitted for commencement-day addresses. Mr. Bywater runs a rapier to the heart of things. Messrs. Krafft and Norris write for the girl scouts.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

SHORTER NOTICES.

OF the making of light verse there is no end, and much reading of it is a weariness to the flesh—save in the case of Mr. Arthur Guiterman, who is a competent master of the forms in which he works, and creates light lyrics with substance, wit, and variety. In his latest collection, "A Ballad-Maker's Pack,"¹ it is noticeable that he responds to the more serious demands with quite as much grace as he commands for his gayer pieces. One may thumb through this volume and find many occasions for re-reading, for Mr. Guiterman does not spout verses, as others do, with the indiscriminate velocity of a street-sprinkler; he is a careful craftsman and an agreeable companion.

L. B.

MR. JOHN COUNROS'S second novel, "The Wall,"² shows a tightening grip over his materials which holds a high promise for maturity. Mr. Counros has taken for his theme the experience of a foreign lad, set down in America. From first to last he is concerned with the inner drama of existence. Philadelphia in John Gombarov, and not John Gombarov in Philadelphia, is the theme; and it is this that marks the breach between the petty realism that is now in fashion in certain literary circles, and that major realism which can never truly be out of fashion. Mr. Counros's first novel, "The Mask," left the hero in a symbolic *cul-de-sac*; in "The Wall" we see the gradual tempering of John Gombarov's character, by his experiences in friendship and love, until he is ready to escape. There are occasional stretches in the narrative—like the exposition of Uncle Baruch's philosophy—where Mr. Counros is obviously thinking through some problem for himself with such undisguised intensity that he is hardly able to transmute his thought into the substance of art; but the important thing to observe is that, unlike many writers of novels, Mr. Counros is thinking, and that he sees in spiritual experience—and not in naked action or brazen circumstance—the materials for the modern novel. If Mr. Counros continues to mature as rapidly, both in power and technique, as is indicated in his second book, he will bring a quality to the English novel that, with such a towering exception as Mr. Hardy, it has long lacked—an unflinching desire to take life seriously even when it is playing its roughest jokes.

L. C. M.

¹ "Sea Power in American History." Herman F. Krafft and Walter B. Norris. New York: The Century Company. \$4.00.

² "A Ballad-Maker's Pack." Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

³ "The Wall." John Counros. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

EX LIBRIS.

ADMIRERS of Mr. W. B. Yeats mainly fall into two classes, those who prefer his earlier work and those who follow the poet himself in giving preference to the later poems, belonging to the second manner which dates, roughly speaking, from 1900, when he almost abandoned lyric poetry in order to throw himself into the Irish Theatre movement. Consequently, the normal disagreements aroused inevitably by volumes of selected poems and anthologies, are aggravated in this case because Mr. Yeats has made every re-issue of his work an occasion for suppressing and revising precisely that early poetry which first captivated our imagination. In 1895 "Poems" was the precursor of a numerous line of revised collected editions, and even at that early date about half of "The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems" was omitted, although, with one exception, everything in his second volume, "The Countess Kathleen and Other Legends and Lyrics," was included. In 1899 came "The Wind Among the Reeds," and a definite period in the poet's evolution was closed. Play-writing and the theatre then claimed him, and when he next offered a book of lyrics, literary criticism was confronted with the later manner, and that section of the public that cared for these things divided into the two classes to which I have referred.

IN the volume of "Selected Poems"¹ little more than one-third of the work of those ten years from 1889 to 1899 survives, and the greater part is reprinted from "The Wind Among the Reeds." There are just four poems from "The Wanderings of Oisín" and seven from "The Countess Kathleen." The greatest loss of all these drastic omissions is "The Wanderings of Oisín" itself, of which not even an extract appears, although the first part has a unity of its own and could stand alone. In spite of many revisions, this wonderful poem has hitherto survived even Mr. Yeats's own impatience with his youthful work, and rightly so, for, however far it may seem from the mature lyrics of "Responsibilities," it still reveals the essential genius of the poet and is indispensable to any selection which pretends to be representative. Of the plays, two of the later pieces, "On Baile's Strand" and "Deirdre," and the two earliest, "The Land of Heart's Desire" and "The Countess Kathleen," (but only in the revised versions of 1911) are reprinted. Naturally, one regrets that "The Shadowy Waters" and "The King's Threshold" do not stand here for his mature work in the theatre, particularly "The King's Threshold," which is one of the most characteristic expressions of Mr. Yeats's genius in dramatic form, that form which has tempted and baffled him so long. "The Shadowy Waters," although incessant revision has never made it more than a beautiful dramatic poem, should also have had a place in this book, if only because it has become the most intimate expression in this form of the poet's thought, through the years of brooding and dreaming over its theme.

SINCE the emphasis of this book is upon the work of Mr. Yeats's maturity, it is interesting to consider it in the light of recent English criticism, which professes to have discovered that his creative vigour has failed him. Even a critic of the calibre of Mr. Middleton Murry, who can write with the greatest appreciation of such minor poets as Edward Thomas and Gerard Manley Hopkins, entitles his essay "Mr. Yeats's Swan-Song" in "Aspects of Literature," and asserts that "he is empty, now. He has the apparatus of enchantment, but no potency in his soul." This charge, together with an excessive amiability towards the host of pleasant (but inevitably minor) versifiers amongst their contemporaries, is exceedingly characteristic of the attitude of the younger English critics towards Mr. Yeats in particular and the Irish poets in general. When they are not

¹ "Selected Poems." William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

engaged in devoutly gathering occasional scraps from the table of Mr. Thomas Hardy, they have ears only for the young men from the best universities who write verse. Mr. Murry is above the patent weaknesses of certain literary cliques in London; he may be over-generous to Edward Thomas, but I do not think he believes that Mr. Edward Shanks is a great poet. Yet, he holds that Mr. Yeats's "sojourn in the world of the imagination, far from enriching his vision, has made it infinitely tenuous."

For a time, indeed, as the poet wrote, it seemed as if "the fascination of what is difficult" had "dried the sap out" of his veins, but gradually there came into the poems of the last ten years a note of cold, austere beauty, which fittingly replaced, with the advancing years, the first magical glamour, the prodigal loveliness of his early poetry. Such lines as

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died—

Caolte, and Conan, and Finn were there,
When we followed a deer with our baying hounds,
With Bran, Sgeolan and Lomair,
And passing the Firbolgs' burial mounds,
Came to the cairn-heaped grassy hill
Where passionate Mæve is stony still;
And found on the dove-grey edge of the sea
A pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode
On a horse with a bridle of findrinny;
And like a sunset were her lips;
A stormy sunset on doomed ships—

are the quintessence of the poetry which has been deliberately eliminated by Mr. Yeats from his later work, and which is unrepresented in this selection.

WHATEVER may be said of this choice, and I will not go over the grounds of this old dispute, it can not be denied that Mr. Middleton Murry's word "impoverishment" does not do justice to the remarkable qualities which inform the later poems with a very different, but a real, beauty. "When Helen Lived," for example:

We have cried in our despair
That men desert,
For some trivial affair
Or noisy, insolent sport,
Beauty that we have won
From bitterest hours;
Yet we, had we walked within
Those topless towers
Where Helen walked with her boy,
Had given but as the rest
Of the men and women of Troy,
A word and a jest—

and "No Second Troy":

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery, or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire?
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

THE whole section of lyrics dated 1904-1919 is full of these fine things written with a skilful economy of words, a wonderful fidelity to common—almost conversational—speech, under which is the thrill of passionate emotion. A great number of them, like the last one I have quoted, like "A Woman Homer Sung," "September, 1913," "To a Shade," "Broken Dreams" and the rest, are inspired by events of the last few years in Ireland; they are not, as Mr. Murry tries to prove in his essay, "idle dreaming" in a "world of phantasms." The lines, "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death," which are so inaptly quoted by the English critic as to suggest that he entirely misunderstands them, are a remarkable expression of the mood of Ireland in the war:

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty made me fight,
Nor public man, nor cheering crowds,
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath;
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life this death.

IN all these poems I find nothing of that exhaustion and tenuousness with which Mr. Yeats has been reproached by the admirers of Edward Thomas. What one feels is the self-disciplined austerity, the restraint of a great poet in his maturity, who is perhaps at times a little over-conscious of the generous sins of his youth. If the freshness of those colourful early poems is gone, here is the deep mellowness of one who has cried:

I am worn out with dreams;
A weather-worn, marble triton,
Among the streams;
And all day long I look
Upon this lady's beauty
As though I had found in a book
A pictured beauty,
Pleased to have filled the eyes
Or the discerning ears,
Delighted to be but wise,
For men improve with the years.

In the sheer writing of this confession there is a defiance of the assertion that the inspiration of W. B. Yeats has failed him. He will prove it, moreover, by these delightful pieces in which he challenges comparison with some of his finest work in the folk-manner, with "The Fiddler of Dooney," or "The Ballad of Father Gilligan," to mention two of the earliest pieces which he has fortunately included in this selection. "The Collar-Bone of a Hare" may serve as an example of what Mr. Yeats can now write, when he returns to his point of departure, the Irish country-side:

Would I cast a sail on the water
Where many a king has gone
And many a king's daughter,
And alight at the comely trees and the lawn,
The playing upon pipes and the dancing,
And learn that the best thing is
To change my loves while dancing
And pay but a kiss for a kiss.
I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare
Worn thin by the lapping of water
And pierce it through with a gimlet and stare
At the old bitter world where they marry in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches,
Through the white thin bone of a hare.

MR. YEATS may continue to sift his work, even more drastically than in this volume, and yet leave a distance between himself and the brightest stars in the English university anthologies, which neither they nor their friends can bridge, either by theory or practice. Beautiful-looking books, appropriate to their contents, have so long been inseparable from the works of Mr. Yeats that the singular ugliness of this volume calls for comment. It looks like a school manual, in its drab cloth binding, on which one of the charming designs which Mr. Sturge Moore has been making for the English editions of "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ" and other recent volumes has been utterly spoiled, by being printed in black instead of gold. It is a shabby successor to the lovely series of books in which Mr. Yeats has heretofore collected his poems.

ERNEST BOYD.

THE following recent books are recommended to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"Collected Poems," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York. The Macmillan Company. \$4.50.

"The Story of Mankind," by Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$4.50.

GREAT BRITAIN, the United States, and Japan are to-day possessed of more than a thousand fighting ships, with nearly two hundred more planned and programmed for the blighting of the future. Ah, well, it seems to us, the times are still much out of joint, and the question of Master Shakespeare's good Marcellus is still most appropriate to the season:

Good now, sit down, and tell me,
he that knows,
Why this same strict and most
observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the
land,
And why such daily cast of brazen
cannon,
And foreign mart for implements
of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights,
whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from
the week;
What might be toward, that this
sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer
with the day?

Well, Marcellus, if you will pay attention to the Current Comment and Topics of the Day in the FREEMAN from week to week during the progress of the revival-meeting in Washington, you may discover something about the daily cast (and cost) of brazen officials.

A reader rebukes us.

SIRS: Mr. Bernard Shaw was wrong. In regard to America he used probably the wrong word, his meaning being doubtless, not that America was uncivilized, but that it was uncultured.

The postman has this afternoon delivered to me the FREEMAN of 7 September, and as I write, before me is the article "Illiteracy in High Places."

It is doubtful which is the more painful, the illiteracy or your scathing article. The former is naturally crude, the latter crudely natural. For the creators of the former there are no hopes, for you there are hopes.

You speak the truth vulgarly and naturally. You "put it" against people brutally, forcibly and energetically. But the worse for yourselves, you use instead of barbed shafts of wit, that most vulgar of all weapons, the intellectual boomerang. You turn a joke into a crime and in the process appear ridiculous.

If illiteracy is a crime, so also unfortunately is vulgarity; especially that vulgarity which assumes that "God knows," or regards thought as something to be set going, like a Ford 'bus or Ingersoll eternity keeper; or further, the vulgarity which constantly "puts it" to people, and regards English as something to be "clawed into shape."

Can you imagine Cardinal Newman, assuming that God knows anything about heretic governments, doing more in fact than raise his hands in pious horror, or Matthew Arnold "setting his thoughts going," or that bright star of your own, Ralph Waldo Emerson, "clawing English into shape"?

But no, they would not, for you are vulgar, natural, nasty, crude. Summed together you are anarchic and fearlessly truthful; and because of this it is, that I love and read you. I am, etc.,

PICTOR BOND.

It is exceedingly interesting to learn the variety of reasons why people love and read the FREEMAN. The above letter is characteristic: it encourages us to continue to urge the paper upon the attention of others than those in strict accord with its views. We should like to have our readers' help in presenting the FREEMAN to the notice of men and women whom reading arouses, not soothes.

Tell us the name of one, this week.

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